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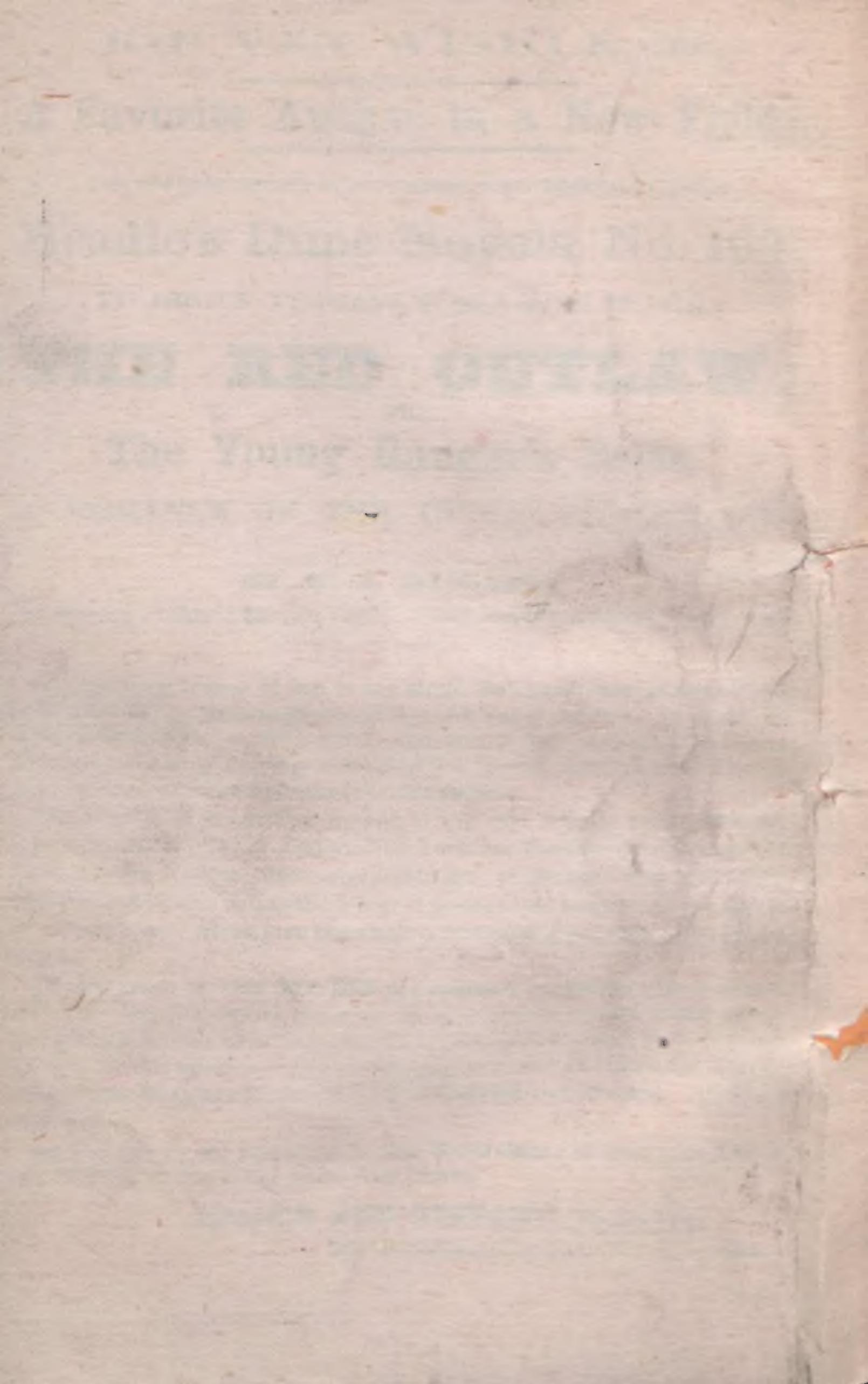
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## BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER.

A TALE OF

THE NORTH-WEST HUNTING-GROUNDS.

BY CHARLES E. LASALLE.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
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## BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### A LIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

OLD Burt Bunker had roamed the prairies and mountains for thirty years, and had seen many strange sights, animals and men, and his had been the lot to be the hero of many a thrilling adventure; but that upon which his eye was now fixed was the greatest mystery of his life, and he found himself totally at a loss to understand what it all meant.

It was a starlit night, with no moon, so that the keenest vision of man could not penetrate far upon the prairie. Old Burt was mounted upon his faithful stallion, Honeycomb, and was on his way toward the trapping-grounds and beaver-runs of the Yellowstone. He was all alone with his horse, without even so much as a dog to keep him company. He had lain by during the day, on account of "powerful signs" of the Blackfeet, and when night came down upon the prairie, he mounted his animal again and rode forward, both rider and beast knowing the route so well that there was no fear of their going astray on this quiet autumn night.

Burt was riding dreamily forward, his animal at a moderate gait, while he was smoking his short black pipe, when he detected far ahead on the plain, a tiny point of light, which, at first glimpse, he concluded was a star low down in the horizon; but, as his horse continued straight toward it, he gradually awoke to the fact that it was also coming toward him. Finally he reined up his horse for the purpose of examining

it.

Now that he was stationary himself, he could see that it was moving, which showed that it was carried by some person or animal. It had a dancing, flickering appearance, which, while it showed it was constantly changing its position, showed also that it was not carried in the hand of a person, so that

it could scarcely be a lantern, borne by some ignorant way-farer in this part of the world.

"Skulp me—but that is quar!" muttered Burt, after he had contemplated it several minutes in silent wonderment. "I've

never see'd that kind of creetur' in these parts afore."

Brave as was the trapper, there was a vein of superstition that ran through his being, as is often the case with a daring but ignorant man, and a shiver shook his Herculean frame, as he reflected that this might be some supernatural creation, wandering over the western prairies. By the camp-fire and in the settlements he had heard strange, wild tales of indescribable beings, a glimpse of whom had been detected as they whisked with the speed of the wind over the prairie.

"Mebbe it's one of 'em!" he growled, a minute later, " and

ef it's so, thar ain't no use in p'intin' Betsey Jane at it."

This female personage, we may explain, was the appellation which the old trapper always applied to his rifle. Indeed, there seemed to be a tinge of poetry or romance in his nature, which cropped out in the appellations he gave to different objects.

He had instinctively drawn his rifle from over his shoulder, at the moment of reining up his horse, and he now sat grasping it with both hands, so as to hold it ready for instant use.

"Betsey Jane," he added, as he looked lovingly down at the deadly weapon, "you and me have tramped many a mile together, and you've let daylight into enough red-skins to make a stack as high as the Big Mound, and the rule has been when you barked somebody or somethin' has bit the airth; but I'm afeard you've met more nor your match."

The trapper looked furtively about him, as if seeking some place to which he could retreat, but he saw none. He was in the middle of a broad, level stretch of prairie, and he knew, circumscribed as was his vision, that there was no water or

timber within miles.

"I can't hide," he continued, giving utterance to his reflections, "for any creetur' that's got an eye like that can see any whar; and ef I should get behind a tree, he'd come and look right through it at me. Skulp me! but it's comin' right toward me."

Whatever doubt there might be about the former conclusion

of the hunter, there could be no questioning the truth of the latter. That strange, dancing light, that had first attracted his notice, was speeding directly toward him, and, in a few minutes more at the furthest, would be upon him; so it only remained for Burt to put the best face possible on the matter and brave it out.

"I'd rather meet a stack of red-skins," he fairly gasped, as his horse walked slowly forward, "than to meet you!"

As the best he could do, the trapper determined to face the coming danger, and, if really a "spook," he would make tracks when that was the only horn of the dilemma remaining for him to take.

"They say sperits don't make no noise," soliloquized Burt, as he caught the clamp of a horse's feet upon the prairie.

Cautiously listening, while his own animal stood still, he could hear its steady approach, and by and by was able to discover the outlines of a horse, with some sort of figure astride of it. The same starlike glimmer was discernible, advancing steadily, until he saw that the terrible object possessed the real shape and contour of a man.

But what meant that red, fiery eye? Could any thing mor-

tal possess such a peculiarity?

The trapper was more terrified than ever, and really believed that his end was near at hand; and at the same time he could not help reflecting that if he should possibly be spared to get out of this, what a terrible tale he would have to tell among the settlements and around the camp-fire.

" Hello dar! who's dat?"

This came from the mysterious thing, and it was addressed unmistakably to Burt, who was inexpressibly relieved at finding he was dealing with a veritable human being, albeit there was still something unexplainable in his appearance. The horse of the stranger had halted, and it was plain that he had caught sight of the trapper for the first time.

The latter once more grasped Betsey Jane. His confidence

in his rifle was restored.

"I say, stranger, who mought you be?"

"It's me—me; don't be skeart!" was the reply, in such a tremulous tone as to show that the speaker himself was excessively frightened.

" Who mought you be?"

" Me-me; Pomp Augustus Brown."

"What in thunder is the matter with your wool? Has somebody set it afire?" demanded the indignant hunter, as he rode toward the trembling negro, who expected assuredly that his life would pay the penalty of frightening the grizzled old prairie veteran so terribly.

"Dat yer whar dis chile allers carries his lantring; I put it

up dar, whar it's out ob de way."

"That's a leetle ahead of any thing this chap ever see'd,"
muttered Burt, partly to himself, as he contemplated this novel
arrangement of the darky. The latter was a short, heavy-set
fellow, with huge, rolling eyes, which, on a closer approach,
almost rivaled the bull's-eye lantern itself.

"What do you want of that thing, anyway?" asked the

trapper, after he was enabled to comprehend it.

" Dat's to see wid."

"What be yer lookin' fur?"

"Our folks; dey's lost."

"I should think you war the one as war lost; who do yer b'long to, and what ar' yer doin' hyar?"

"I b'longs to Cunnel Mulford, and I's lookin' fur his darter

Olive and me mudder, Polly Brown."

After considerable questioning, Burt got the truth from the negro, who allowed himself to be persuaded that his life was not in imminent peril.

Colonel Mulford, whom he had heard of as an Indian agent, had erected his home—or rather a temporary resort—some miles away from this place, near a beautiful grove of timber. As his daughter, Olive, had manifested some signs of failing health, he had erected a small, unpretending cabin, in which he removed her, with the intention of permitting her to spend a year or so there, he having received immense advantage himself from the pure, bracing air.

Her mother being dead, she was accompanied by two faithful servants, Polly, a tall, muscular, angular negress, some forty odd years of age, a widow, with a huge, good-natured son, generally known as "Pomp," although, as we have shown in another place, he was the owner of a somewhat more ex-

tensive title.

Colonel Multord, being an Indian agent, it may be supposed that he knew too much to place his beautiful and beloved dargiter in personal danger. He selected this site, not alone for the purity of its atmosphere, but on account of a spring of water, that possessed considerable medicinal qualities, and from which he himself had derived no little benefit. This was the great inducement.

Furthermore, it was removed from any immediate danger, as his own agency was the nearest point to which the Indians generally came; but there remained that ever-present danger, peculier to the American Indian, and resulting from his roving disposition. There was no telling whither their normalic proposities would be a them, as they have a weakness of using the entire West as their parade ground; but her visibly falling health decided him to take her with him. His position as Indian erent brought him into such intimate connection with the adjoining trib s, that he was quite confident he can'd forest ill any heatile movement upon their part.

But Colonel Mulford, like many other men, committed a sal blander, the worst of which was that he could know nothing of it until in all probability it was too late.

On the afternoon of this day, Olive Mulford was taking her usual rice over the prairie, accompanied by Pomp and his mother, all of them meanted upon horses. They had made a circuit of several miles, and halted in a small grove, somewhat similar to the one in which their house was located. The air was quite cool, and Olive decided to kindle a fire.

Penip went ranging through the grove in search of fuel, unit had searcely got beyond sight of his friends, when a puty of he har horsemen swooped down upon them, seized Olive, and her servant, Molly, and were off with them like a shot.

Fourth of pursuit, the rel-skins did not pouse to see me the office to the pury, but took the two females and their at hods, and were a new rapidly as they come. Pomp heard the soul of their loss' for, and the outries of the variety, and gather, just in three to see them varieting over the prairie.

It was now growing dark, and very naturally Pompey was

to decide what he should do, if, indeed, he could do any thing at all. Indirely unacquainted with the ways of the public Indires, he concluded that his mother and mississed he are he so free, when they would set out for home, and well he very likely to get lost without his assistance. So he want up "the little "bull's eye" lantern, which he always cared with him in his travels, and set out to search for them, which brings us back again to old Burt, the trapper.

"I reckon you hain't lived in these parts long," said the latter, after he had patiently listened to the story of the negro.

"Not wery," was the reply.

- "Wal, the fust thing you do is to snuff out that 'ere comflygration in yer wool; such a trick as that is a sure sign of a thunderin' fool."
- "But—but how will de folks see me?" asked Pemp, as he tremblingly obeyed.
- "That won't help 'em any, and it'll be likely to draw a red-skin's bullet smack and clean through that skull of your'n."

The negro did as commanded, and then, as the two hasse-men sat side by side, he asked:

"What dis chile do?"

" Whar's the curnel?"

"At de Beaver River Agency; know whar dat is?"

- "Yes; it's bout forty miles from Lyar. The lest thing yer kin do is to strike a bee-line for home, and tell him what the red varmints have been doin'."
  - "But I don'no' de way."
- "Come 'long then with me; I'm goin' purty near it, and I'll take you nigh 'nough far yer to find it."

"Does yer know Curnel Mulford."

"I've heerd of him; they say he's a good and j stagent, and the Lord knows them kind of individuous is skare in a glato make me fiel like ridin' forty miles to be seed at a joy."

"Den you'll go wil me?" askel the joyfd daky.

But the trapper shook his head.

"It's gettin' late in the full, and I'm two works later nor I war last year, and I observe that it feels like snow in the dir now. I hain't get the time, Woolly Head, for I ogist to been at the beaver runs a month ago. However, I'm take yer as near as I kin; so come on."

They had hardly started, when the keen-eyed trapper discovered a bright light in the west. He scanned it closely a moment, and then asked:

" Which way does yer cabin lay from yer?"

"Off dar, whar de moon is arozin'."

- "That ain't the meen," replied Burt; "that's yer house, itself gettin' ric so high, that you won't be able to tell where it stood, to-morrer."
- "Golly!" gaspe'l Pomp, searcely able to realize the full extent of the loss, "dut yer's ortal; I've got a new pair ob trowsers in dat house, an' what's goin' to 'come ob dem?"
- "Lucky yer ain't in the trowsers; it's gettin' late; come on."

Both were mounted upon good animals, and they struck into a rapid canter, which bore them swiftly forward toward the north-west. This was the direction leading to the beaver runs of the Yellowstone, and so desirous was the trapper of making his way to these perilous regions, that he would permit nothing to draw him as he from his object. The abduction of Olive Mulford was a case that powerfully appealed to his sympathies, and he had never yet turned a deaf car to the cause of imperiled innocence; but he was very willing to "hill two birds with one stone," and he sped the more swiftly enward, as the direction of the Beaver River Agency could be followed without material loss of time in reaching his own ultimate destination. A little more speed was all.

But this voteran wanderer over the prairie was not the man to use up his horse without cause; and when the swinging all p had continued for several hours, and it was not far from milblight, he draw rain in a deep valley, through which a small stream wandered.

"Hyper we'll step till daylight," exclaimed the trapper.
"Of Bort ain't the man to use his boss up, onless somebody's lines worth more ror him, and I hain't sold that eritter yit."

"Deliges tink I's wif all de has a in dis country?" asked Pomp.

" Yer might be to put in a show; but far nuthin' clse"

#### CHAPTER II.

#### ON TOWARD THE NORTH-WEST.

OLD Burt Bunker was at home on the prairie. For thirty years, as we have said, he had wandered back and forth over the mountains, setting his traps by the streams which have their rise in the Rocky Mountains, braving death from the dozen different tribes through whose territory he was compelled to pass, and literally carrying his life in his hand, in the shape of his trusty rifle.

His hardened frame was scarred by many a bullet that I is plowed its way through flesh and muscle, and his grizz'ed beard scarcely concealed the slashes and wounds that end his face in every direction. He had met the Indians in the hand-to-hand encounter, in the lonely forest; he had planged through driving snow and sleet, thanked for the middless darkness that made his escape so easy.

Such, in brief, was the life-history of old Burt Burker; and on the day when we introduce him to the realer, he is a municlose on to half a century in age, and his face is set toward the head-waters of the Yellowstone, and he is going on his annual expedition to these far-off trapping-grounds, where he expects to spend the winter, and when haden with furs on I peltries in the spring, with perhaps an extra horse picked up in the wilds, he will start for St. Louis again.

It was in the year 1843, and the great Northwest was known scarcely any more at that day than it was 1 my yours before. Fremont had accomplished nothing in the way of enlightening the world as to the character of that great was ern half of our continent, which of late has made such placed in advancement and wealth.

Therefore, Burt was little disturbed by the tille of opinition rolling westward. As he rode along on Hope in, that held been his companion for half a dozen point he considered as sight of a settler's cabin that he did not not member ever having seen before, and here and there he saw

the smoke of the emigrant-train ascending from some clump of trees.

He made it a principle to avoid all these unpleasant sights as much as was in his power. If the ascending column of smoke was in front of his horse's nose, he turned aside, and made a wide deterr, so as to escape meeting the strangers. If perchance he encountered some of these pioneers, he scowled savagely at them, gratily answered their salutations, and passed on. They weren't going to inveigle him into any conversation; that wasn't his business in this part of the world.

"They ham't got no right here, noways," he occasionally mattered, after he had given some sumptuous stranger the go-by; "this part the world war have fur hunters and trappers, and such gentlemen. I s'pose the reds b'long hyar too," he added, after a rittle longer reflection upon it, "cause of they didn't I don't s'pose they'd be hyar; but then, why don't trey behave themselves? That's what gits my time."

This was the question which the rude philosopher could not decide for himself; and so, when he reached this afterphase, he was generally sensible enough to give it up and stop thinking about it.

Where the oil trapper originally came from was unknown; but it was certain, to those who took the trouble to think about him, that it was not from St. Louis, where he always made his home. He was very retient about his early history, and the stavity of no one, as yet, had been sufficient to penetrate the shell of reserve in which he incased himself.

He had repulsed several attempts to "pump" him, with such as a reachest that no one attempted it a second time, and so, by the time he reached middle life, he was annoyed very little in that way.

It was known years before that he had had companions with blue on his extended explorations of the West; but they had all asappeared. Some had died in the natural course of events, in cothers had met with violent deaths at the hands of the tractors red-same, who would rather hunt a white had had been earlier game that tacir country afforded.

There were some who said he had once a wife who had died boar years before, and had left a child beidned, and he had died also, in his youth, so that, it such were really the

case, there was a partial explanation of his disinclination to the society of his kind, and his love for the will, adventurous career to which he had devoted himself so long.

It was with a mental protest that he consented to the temporary society of the negro Pomp on the present occasion; but, with all the trapper's oddities he was kind at heat, and when he refused to consort with those of his kind when he encountered in the West, it was when he was certain tary were just as well off without him as with nim—so that no harm was done to any one by his course.

But Banker generally kindled a fire at night when he made his halt, but he oil not do so upon the present occasion, as he had no use for it, and the story that the negro had told convinced him of the danger there was to appealent from the Blackfeet, who rarely ventured so far south of the agency.

The two horses were turned loose, the trapper feeling no uneasiness about his animal straying off, while Pomp pretent to feel the same about his, although he had more class to suspect his wandering away upon the first opportunity. So they merely wrapped their blankets around them and hay down upon the earth.

- "Golly! s'pose de Injins come!" gasped the negro, from beneath the folds of his blanket.
  - " Let 'em come ; Honeycomb will give us notice-"
  - "Who is Le?' asked Pomp, in amazement.
  - " Go to seep, and I'll tell yer in the marrin'."

Old But was about lying down, when he fit smathing cold upon his lead, and looking quickly, saw that it had been struck by a snow-flake. The air was fall of snow that was sifting silently downward, and by morning the prairie might be covered to the depth of several inches.

"This yer's ball for Olive Mahond!" mattered the traject, as he drew his blanket over his face. "This was cover to the traid of them varmints, at I than'll be no follows." can after this night. Howsomever, I'd take a shop on it."

And with this philosoppical Conclusion, he tend on his side, and specally smak into a deep, dreamless similar.

The night passed away without any alarm; and, as he expected, when he opened his eyes, he found the prairie shrouled

in snow, while it was still drifting downward, with the same gossamer softness.

The trapper shook the snow from his blanket, as the lion flirs the dew from his mane, and then rossed the negro, who was still slumbering heavily. The fellow was greatly frightened when he found that the storm had caught them.

"Come, hunt up that hoss of yourn," said Burt, "far we don't git any breakfast till we reach Beaver River Agency."

" Golly! I feels kinder faint already."

But, although the limiter quickly vaulted upon the back of his animal, there was nothing to be seen of the other one. Pomp stared around in amazement, and then exclaimed:

"I bet your hoss eat mine up."

"Mebbe he did," was the reply of the imperturbable hunter; "lock 'round and see whether you can find any bones."

The negro did as a lyised, but, of course, with little encourage ment. The snow was filling quite fast, and look in whatever direction they chose, nothing was to be seen of the missing horse.

He had evidently wan lered away, and there was no means of recapturing him.

Pomp was in a dilemma.

"Gilly! I'll heb to walk!' he exclaimed.

"Jamp aboard; it won't hart Honeycomb to carry you a few miles."

Pump was only too glad to accept the invitation of the trapper, and he lost no time in mounting his animal behind him. The powerful best sometimed so really to feel the additional weight, and at a word from his master, struck into a sveeping gallop toward Beaver River Agency.

It was snowing har ler than ever, and the wind was directly in their faces. The oldying thakes were which I about their eas, and span through the air with a swittness that soon into 1 their bodies from head to foot, old Bart receiving the 1 stager by virtue of his more exposed situation.

Now and then, when Pomp ventured to peep over the should roll the budy trapper, he was met with such a rush of skerrying snow-flakes, as to be blinded, and he found it impossible to see a roll in any direction. The wind was blowing strong, and the huge spats of snow seemed to pass hori-

zontally, and even upward in the air, tossed and blown hither and thither, until the atmosphere was able to hold no more, and they fell to the ground from the pressure above them.

"Hebens o' na'th!" exclaimed the darky, as he shrunk up behind the hunter, "it'll neber snow ag'in, fur dere won' be

any snow left, when dis gits frough."

Burt Bunker paid no heed to the lumentations of his sable companion. His face was set like a flint toward Beaver River Agency, and he was not to be deviated or turned from his course by any such flurry of the elements as this. Great as was his knowledge of the will is through which they were journeying, he was compelled to use his eyes to the utmost to prevent himself going astray; for, it was more difficult to proceed in such a tempest in the daytime, than it was in the still and dark night.

But assisted by the sagacious Honeycomb, who appeared to comprehend his wishes, they kept straight onward, the animal keeping up a rapid walk, and in the course of the fore-

noon reined up in front of Beaver River Agency.

This consisted of a single building, large and strongly built, and guarded by a garrison of a score of men, all of whom being accustomed to a frontier like, were abundantly able to hold their own against any combination of Indians. They had been attacked times without number; but the architect who planned this Government building, made it also impact nable, and it was never in serious danger.

To this building, under a strong military escont, the Government sent annually the supplies for the Indians, and Colonel Mulford was the authorized agent for proportioning and distributing them; and in the fort, at this time, were stored ammunition, whisky, hatchets, blankets, beads, trinkets, to acco, and the thousand and one articles in demand among the red-skins, and all under the charge of the colonel and like men.

The trapper saw no living person, as he pared with His berse's nose almost touching the gate of the stockale that a rounded the building; but, he had scaredly halted, when was bailed and his basiness demanded. His answer was ach as to convince the garrison that he was a friend, and the case was thrown open and he was admitted.

"Whar's Colonel Mulford?" was the first queston.

"He isn't here," replied a man, with the shoulder-straps of a captain of the regular army.

"I didn't ask where he worn't," reared the irate trapper.

"I asked whar he war."

The eyes of the officer twinkled, as he replied.

"I can't tell you exactly where Colonel Mulford is. He started for Washington yesterday morning--"

"Why didn't he come home fust?" interrupted Pomp, who co i tu't understand why he should not have called and bidden

his family good-by.

- "He was sent for in urgent haste; the dispatches were so delayed in reaching him, that he found he had not a minute to spare, if he was to reach Washington in time. So he mounted the fleetest horse at the fort, took a couple of men, and duried for Washington like a streak of lightning. I don't think there is much chance of overhauling him between here and that city."
  - "Di hit he luff any word fur us?" aske l Pomp.

Yes; I was to ride out there to-day or to-morrow, and carry a message to kis daughter—"

"Golly! no use in dat!" added the darky, with a shake of his head.

- " What's the matter?"
- "Miss O'ive and me muddder ain't no more."

" Wiest?" demanded the officer. "Dead?"

"Cally, no; I mean dat dey sin't home any more. De la ter am burnt down, and de Injins hab run off will 'em bale, and nobody cun't tell what dey hain't gone to."

"What does this mean?" asked the captain, turning toward

the trapper.

The latter explained what is already known to the reader,

at they be supposed, the captain was astonished.

"G of heavers! what can be dene?" he exchimed, in the crit ment. "I warned Colonel Melfort a describes to the wing his dischter there; but, what can we do?"

Les Characters of news followed, in which But gave it as be of them, that nothing at all could be accomplished, unless that from Jindian could be engaged to take the matter in band.

"The trail has been kivered by the snow," he alded, "and so thar ain't nuthin' to be gained thar. You'd better take an Injin to hunt up the gal; do you know of any such critter?"

The captain was silent awhile, as if in deep thought, and

then he replied:

"There is one they call the Antelope, that has done us a good turn or two; but no one can tell where he is, or where to look for him."

"He's yer man," said the trapper, and feeling that he had done all that was possible under the circumstances, he invited himself to partake of dinner, after which he mounted his horse and left the fort. He was strongly urged to stay and take part in the rescue of the captive; but he would not consent, declaring that he had left St. Lovis behind time, and had got more and more so on his way thither, matil it was ingessible to "catch up."

Once more on the back of his powerful Honescondo, the trapper turned his face a gain toward the north-west, as I rede along at an easy gallop. The snow had co sed fabity, at l he notice has be advanced that it grew lighter, uptil findly be reached clear open prairie again. The storm had been confired to a comparatively small section of the convey, and it lead been his fortune to be caught in the very ceater of it.

But the air was sharp and bricher, and present die nor as preach of winter, and his proximity to the mountains. He wrapped the huge fur coat more closely around him, and coensionally relieved his horse, and warmed his own him his running a mile or two beside him.

The nipping keenness in the air seemed to give him plastrable seas ations, and his bronzed features now and then relaxed i . o a smile, and he mattered to himself in his own por her way.

As the shade of night began settling over the padicio, the La per looked about him for some suitable camping region, and v fortunate enough to discover a small grove of timb ra Licet distance to the right. He haded toward and hell really reched it, when he espied an antelope coming fall speed toward him.

"That's lucky," he exclaimed, as he graspold his ride, "if he will only keep on in that direction."

The graceful animal bounded swiftly on, until within a hundred yards, when it caught sight of the horseman for the first time. Instantly it wheeled to run, when Burt pulled the trizer, and leaping a few steps, it dropped dead in its tracks.

The next minute the trapper was on the ground beside it. He was already leaning over to plunge his knife into its body, when he started back with the exclamation:

"Reds ag'in, or I'll be skulped!"

That which cheight his sight, and caused this cry, was the sight of another bullet-hole in the neck of the antelope, from which the life-blood was also flowing.

#### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CAMP IN THE TIMBER.

As old Burt, the trapper, stood beside the dead antelope, with knife in hand, and witnessed this proof that some one clear was not far away, he thrust back his knife into his belt, and caught his rifle, which he had reloaded while hastening toward his prey.

The gloom of night was already settling over the prairie, and he globed with some apprehension at the grove in which had decided to camp for the night; for he was near enough to be brought down by a well aimed ritle, and there was no told glott that a whole horde of Blackfet were swarming in the gloom among the trees.

He tend toward his hore, whose keenness of scent was a local characteristic. One glance was enough to says that he had detected a mething suspicions. His head was tood, his nose pointed toward the timber, while he st. This direction of the timber, while he st. This direction of the timber, while he

"What is it, Honeycomb?" he asked.

At the same instant Bur .— ked toward the word, and saw the firme of a man walking toward him. If only a single pron, he care I not whether he was white or red, and he story by his horse and calmly awaited his approach.

As soon as he could gain a distinct view of the stranger, he saw that he was a white man in the garb of a hunter, with a rifle slung over his shoulder; and Burt was no more pleased than if it had been a wild Indian on the war-path; for he disliked one as much as the other, when in the salitude of the great wilderness.

The young man walked unhesitatingly forward until Le was directly before the trapper, when he extended his hand, with the pleasant salutation:

"Good-evening, sir."

Burt gould not refuse the proffered politeness, although Le replied rather gruffly:

" Good-evenin'."

- "I hardly expected to meet you here," continued the other, in the same gentlemanly manner.
- "And I didn't expect to see you hyar; whar did you come from?"
  - "I am on my way to the Beaver River Agency-"
- "Dil you come alone? Whar's yer animile?" interrupted the trapper, in considerable astonishment.
- "Hold on," replied the other. "I joined an emigrant or exploring train that was going to make the attempt to reach Oregon. I kept with them until this morning, when we were within a short distance of the fort, and I concluded to in high in the luxury of a hunt. I reached the grove there this afternoon, dismounted, and finally cought sight of the anteloge, which I managed to get a shot at, only to have it turn and rush to you, doubtless knowing that you were a much more skilled bunter than I."

A suspicion was in the mind of the trapper.

- "What mought ye be goin' to the Beaver River Agency fur?"
- "I am going there to see Colonel Mulford, and then intend to spend a few days at his honse in the seciety of his daughter."

"I see; be you and the galengard to be mani 1?"

It was evident that the structure was somewhat to all at the sharp questioning of the author; but he kept down his feelings and answered, laughingly:

"You are asking a question, my friend, that you are hardly

authorized to do; I can say, however, that we are not engaged."

" Bet, ver expect to see her, don't yer?"

- "I do; that is my principal object in coming to this sec-
- "I'm serry far yer," said the trapper, with genuine pity, "Colonel Multord is on his way to Washington, and yesterday a party of Injurs come tentin' down on that gal, and took her and the wench away."

"What?" exclaimed the young man, leaping back.

But Banker went over the story again, and the stranger listened like one enchained and fascinated. Then followed rapidly a stiens, uttered in great excitement, and the ally his follows were calmed a mewhat, and they talked calmly and rationally.

- "What's yer builter" demanded the trapper, in his abrupt manner.
  - " Eugene Mentrose."
- "Heggs, eh? I like that name, because— wal, never mint," he hastily at led, as he managed to cheke down his carrier; "that's only one thing yer can co."
  - "What's that? (in to the fort and get a party of rescue?" The trapper shook his head.
- "No; the trull has been showed under and lost, so that none of 'em can't find it nor do nothin'."
  - " What is it, then?"
- "Ther's a free ily Injin somewhar about. If yer can only find him and put him on the track, he'll do more nor a dozen whites."
  - "What is his name?"
  - " He's called the Antelope."
  - "I know him !" exclaimed Mentrose.
  - "Whar did yer ever see him !"
- "He can be in In Epon bease with us, and we put decompany only this merning we street up quite a friendship. We have but in a yar and to other, and I am satisfied he would do may this pin like power for me."
  - "Whar did he go?"
- "I connected. He simply role away on his herse, after saving good-by, and that was the last of him."

"You'd better mount yer animile, ride on to Beaver River Agency, and that yer can git some one to put yer on the track of this Antelope. He's the red-skin to help yer, and yer can't do nothin' without him."

Me strove stood a few minutes in silence, and then boked up.

"Til telle your alvier. I know the direction to this Indian

Agency, but do you think I can reach it to-night?"

"No; you'd better wait till mornin', and then take a clean start, and yer can make it alore noon. The night is goin' to be dark, and you'll be likely to go astray."

Old Bart disliked very much the idea of having a companion any longer than was positively necessary; but he telt guilty at the thought of turning away this young man whem he had encountered in such an unexpected manner. He debated a moment, and then said:

"It's late, and I ain't goin' no furder than the grove yender, and of yer a mind, yer can stay with me till mania'."

"I will be glad to do so," said Mentrose, quite pleased at the invitation, "for it's lonely enough in this country without retaining the companionship of a man when you can get him."

"That looks like a prime antelope," said the trapper, claneing at the outstretched animal in the darkness, "and we'll make a supper of him. I say, Mint Rose, do you smoke?"

"Sometimes," replied the young man, as he produced a cigar and offered it to the hunter.

"Ugh! git out! I never could stand any of that city stuff; I use the pipe, and will wait till I've throwed my if outside my support. Wood! I've got a holler under my coat

that I could chuck an ox in."

The trapper could up the antelope, sing it over his short-det, and walked toward the grove, Mentione keeping by his side, while Buris harse followed his master as obtaining as if he were a dog.

The night was shappend clear, and, is they entered the small but of timber, the gloom atomal them was so good, that they could some my distinction the trees; but the traject walked forward like a man in his own garden.

Near the middle of the grove was found a hollow-like

depression, in which the trapper made his preparations for his little line. In the space of a few minutes he had a big, bright there rounds and crackling, and sonding a genial warmth all around.

"What's yer animile?" asked Burt, turning toward Mentrose.

"A short distance away-f stened to a tree."

"Take mine out to him and interduce him, so that they can it acquainted, for diver he p'em apart, may nimite will to one sy all night, and will be apt to think that ar' varmints 'round, when that ain't."

So in a that the hunter was earnest in his request, Mentrose con both I his horse to where his own was cropping the grass. The last so muffel, and were a little suspicious of each other at that, but they specify got on good terms, and so he left them.

When he returned to the fire, the trapper was busy, I reiling so you have slices from the antelope, and the smell of the men make a most fragrant of through the grove.

"I say, Mint Ross," said old Burt, turning his shargy face fall up a the young man, "yer didn't see no sign, did yer?"

" None at all."

"Jest go out on the perairie, some ways, and walk 'round that that r, and of sarve whether yer can see much of this can'th, 'c... we're in the Blackfoot country, and we must be keerful."

This was rather a cool request on the part of the trapper, in the wards in which he attend it; but Mentro essew that he was no more than probable at he unhesitatingly obeyed.

It took some time for him to perform the dety required of lines have liked at over a harded year's upon the prairie, at laterate we have largered the grove. This caused him to describe a very large circle, and he proceeded slowly, so as to do it thoroughly.

The first was dark, and without any moon—but the Nonary stars twinkied brightly in the vanit overhead, and a less repeated in the out-of-jects to some distance upon the product. A call wind was now and then gently blowing, and the list singear of Mentrese caught its mournful sighing, as it mounted through the trees that inclosed their camp-fire. As he walked around the grove, he looked right and left—, out upon the prairie and toward the timber—each time searching for something he had no wish to see.

He was partially gratified. In the first direction, as far as the eye could extend, nothing was visible but the black, impenetrable darkness. No distant, glimmering camp-fire, the shouts of no careering horsemen, nor the sound of their animals' hoors, caught eye or ear. There was no sign of their foes at all.

Circling around the grove in the manner described, he foun! that their own camp-fire was almost invisible; but, once or twice, he caught its starlike glimmer between the trees and through the undergrowth—beacon-light enough to guide the prowling savage who might be searching for his prey.

When the circuit was completed, our hero made his way back to his friend again, who had just finished the cooking of two huge slices from the choicest portion of the antelope.

"That!" said he, as he handed one of them to his companion, "I reakon from the looks of yer mouth, Mart Rese, that yer know how to class, 'cause it yer don't you've no business in this part of creation."

"I'll soon show you," replied the young man, who, with a sharp hunting-knife and apprtite, began eating the meat. It was nicely cooked, crisp and juicy, and both men ate until they desired no more.

Not until they had finished did the trapper ask:

"Di lu't yer see nothin' out on the perairie?"

"Nothing of Inlians; but I caught once or twice the twinkle of the camp-fire."

"In course; I knowed yer would. I only sent yer out to give yer a little walk and appetite afore supper; but I've let the fire go down—so that ain't any likelihood of its being seen by the varmints."

The fire ired becautelowed to sink down to a mark of glowing embers, which, with their blankets around them, make them as comfortable as they could wish.

The trapper had filled his short chy pipe, while Mentree was pulling at a cigar, so that, considering their circumstances, they were as cheerful as possible. The young man was oppossed by the astounding news he had received regarding

Olive Molford, but still he had strong hopes that she would be specify recovered, and that the wooing, which he had begun under such favorable circumstances, might be concluded.

As the two reclined upon the ground, the younger remarked,

inquiringly:

in remaind a like an old camping ground, But; I se boxes in remail there are black, lead embers scattered as up, l, as if made by a fire that had been kindled and that had died a long time ago."

of sardie. "Filteen years ago this fall, I made my first camp

Lyur, and I haven't missed a year since."

"Is it posible?" excluimed Mentrese, in astonishment.

" Have you always been alone?"

"Not 'ze 'ly," replied Bunker, with an old smile. "That have been three of my usen wiped out 'round this camp-fire, and all three of 'em set right squar' whar you're sittin' now."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, springing up as if he felt the twings of the Blackflot's bullet. "All killed at once?"

The trapper bughed heartily at the alarm of his companion, and matiened him to take his seat again.

"The first man kill I war Black Dick, and it war fifteen years ago, the first time I'd ever sine k my flint in this timber. Me on t Dick war yoursensten in a now, and had hunted to of not rycars. He sat right that, whar you be, talkin' and had saccin', when he stepped all at once and went ever backward. I had be at I somethin' whiz, and as I had be at I somethin' whiz, and as I had be at I somethin' out his breast, not I so had be at the of thin, and I knowed the variation of the real section of the party of the first my has, but made a larger rich to specify and the seminated within a tore I sot that the first the first that it is the first that the first that the first that the first that the first the first that the first the first that the first that the first that the first that the first the first the first that the first that the first the first the first that the first t

"It we'n't till three years after that I got cotched in another muss, and that war so much like the fast, that it ain't hardly wath tellin'. The only difference war that it war in the winter time, and the snow war two feet deep on the perairie.

Jim Johnson war pinged by a dozen bullets, and I got a couple in my hide, but I got off with 'em."

The hunter paused, as if lost in reverie, and after a few minutes, Mentrose said:

"I haven't heard the third instance."

"See hyper," exclaimed the trapper, floredy, while the terms gristened leneath his shagely eyelnows, "don't yor ever an intact ag'in, 'cause I can't stand it—mebbe I'll hurt yer or yer furgit."

Mentrose apologized for the unpleasant reminiscences he had unwittingly caused. He saw that the third death had "hit" the old trapper in some way that he could not understand.

Bart Bunker sat silent for some time, and then, looking toward his companion, quietly remarked in a low tone:

" Set still; thar's an Injin within a dozen feet of yer!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE PRAIRIE CAPTIVES.

OLIVE MULTORD was a beautiful woman, some twenty years of age, when her father, Colonel Mulford, was appointed Indian agent, with his heal-quarters at the fort on B aver River.

Being a willower, with but this single child, he loss I ber with all the fervent affection of a kind funct, and there was nothing in his power that he could do for her welfar, that was not dear. Heldelbern a prominent officer in the II of a war, and shoot high with his Government, who gave his at his position at his request, until he could recover to an samulation wounds, that had caused him considerable trouble for several years.

Besi les this, Olive showed a predisposition to ear simplien—the same fell disease that had carried away her motiler—and knowing how beneficial the air of the Far West was to weak

lungs, his main object, after all, in going westward, was for the benefit of his daughter.

After whiching the Benver River Agency, he kept her, and her two savants—Poup and his mether—at the fortuntil the full weathers—in, when he removed them to a cabin, which he had held built in a romantic grove, by a spring pour safety remainable medicinal powers. Here he intends I she should remain until cold weather set in.

this correspond he was too experienced a soldier not to comprehend the situation fully; he a limited that there was danger in placing such a distance between himself and daughter, but he believed it was not of such a serious character as to cause alarm.

The few months that he had occupied the office of Indian agent, had been sufficient to make himself well acquainted with the tribes with whom he was brought officially in contact, and to win the gold nopinions of the dusky dogs with whom he had dealings. They saw in him a feurles, honest, upright man, who desired their good as well as his own.

With the genuine warriors of the different tribes he was son himself, so that he concluded there was nothing to flar from the a. The real danger was from the strangling, lawless municipal of the Blackfoot and other tribes, whose incursions, however, were so rare as to classe him little apprehension.

Olive derived such immediate and great benefit from the waters, and the reservint of health flushed her check so rightly, that he saw her health would be completely restored by a few menths' rediction in this will section. Scarcely a day panel, that the colonel, with one or two of his men, did not rich out to the calin and spends youd hours there, frequently remaining all night.

The following was so a tracted that it could stort quite a single to a single the single enough certainly for as in acceptable as it to a form that; for, on a still night, the reports of good of the local the entire distance, and it was headly positive twenty-four hours to poss without communication of single kind taking place between the cubin and the agency—a single which the three inmates could stand without any difficulty at any time.

All this being taken into consideration by Colonel Mulford, he concluded to run the risk, especially as his daughter urged him to it, and expressed no fear at all. She and her servants were famished with a fleet horse apiece, so that, if their foes that I appear in the daytime, they believed they had little cause for fear.

We have I fired, in the first chapter, to the sol mistake committed. Office Multord had been taking a 11 hover the prairie, and was drawing near home, when she soccoled in shooting a small antelope, upon which she concluded to nother a supper. Wishing to do it in the true hunter style, she halted near a small piece of woods, and set Pomp at work, gathering fuel for a fire.

The negro had scarcely disappeared, when a party of Blackfeet swooped down upon them like the whirlwink, size ther and Polly, placed each on her horse, and was off again like a shot.

The course of action adopted by the astonished Pomp Las thereby been made known to the reader.

Olive had become quite expert in the use of a rifle, and had she been given the opportunity, she would have convinced these lawless red-skins of the fact; but no such occasion came to her, and, ere she was aware, she was as helpless as an infant in the hands of the Blackfeet.

Polly Brown, her servant, was furious. She was a bony, muscular negress, as black as chony, and with a temp r that was a tempest when aroused. Colonel Mult ad had famished her with a gain, also; but, unfortunately, she had left it have — that she, too, was powerless to accomplish anything against her captors.

" Oh, masy!" she growled, between her cleached to th, " or, " I like to wring do nock ob dat red nigger a satin' on his hoss dar. Ugh, you beast!"

Polly and Olive were allowed to ride side by side, while the Indians were all around them. The means it is object of her writh was a harr, brevery fillow that had her liber from the grain land shing her richer for highly upon her asimal. He was riding at a moderate guit, a shift distance also d, and talking in his own tongue with one or two of his comrades.

"Jes' see de nasty warmint grin!" she exclaimed, spitefally. "I'd like to break a hor-handle ober his head, an' put de hoe in his big mouf."

" 'Sh!" interped Olive, who was just beginning to realize

the pall of her position; "they may hear you."

"Do you signed I her if dry do?" demanded Polly. "I'd like to see one ob 'em lay de weight ob his hand on me or you."

" What could you do?"

- "Ma? I'd seratch his eyes out?" replied the hely of color, ladding very much, just then, as if she could carry out her threat.
- "I am affail it will go ill with you, unless you curb your temper. These Black! et are bed In lians."

" So day are-one is jes' as bad as de o ler."

"What will father do when he learns this?" sighed Olive. "He must some harmabout it. He hasn't been to see us today, and will surely come over to night."

"He'll showt chery one ob de red niggers—jes' as sure as ye i'm beneft was the emphatic response of her servant.

It was growing dark at the time of the capture, so that our heroine was not without hope of a specify pursuit and record. She little dreamed that at that moment her father, moved for his flectest horse, was specifing eastward as fast as his animal could carry him, and with no thought of the fath her in an animal could have sunk with depair.

To y had give but a mile or so, when they noticed that two of the Indias turned to the right, and galleped away at a special which quickly carried them out of sight in the darkness. They had no suspicion that their error lowes to burn the building that had afforded them such place at shifter and repose for so many weeks; but such was the case, and it was not long before their solitory house was well in themes, and have a long before their solitory house.

The Bishing party numbered cipht, and they were as all his as a cipht description at a horse, painted, beliabed, at the limit the most grate que meaner, and were well-called to terrify any per on not accustomed to seeing such specimens of the human race.

Olive judged them to be Blackfeet from their dress and general appearance, and while she knew that, as a tribe, they were friendly disposed toward her father and herself, yet she had heard enough at the fort to understand that they numbered some of the most desperate and lawless characters to be found among all the with soft the North-west; so that the had every reason to pray for a specify research in their lower.

The Indians pursued an easterly course for some the after dark, when they made a sharp turn toward the left, desiring shortly still more in that direction, so that the route occurs toward the north-west—a course which led toward the principal hunting-grounds of the Blackfeet. Once within this country, they would be invulnerable against any force that the United States Government could bring against them. In fact, with the facilities at their command, it may be said that they were so from the first. The only means possible by which a party of wild Indians could be overcome, was to employ a pursuing force as well mounted as they, and one whose members understood their peculiar method of fighting.

As the night wanted, the darkness increased until the captives could secreely discern their captors. Both of the former were without blankets, but one of the savages threw his ever the shoulders of Olive, and another did the same for her suble companion.

"Gracious alive!" exclaimed the latter, not a little surprised at the unexpected kindness of the Blackfeet; "I tlink dem red niggers must be gittin' sick."

"Don't show such ingratitude for their goodness," said Olive, in a reproving tone; "they may not be so but as we imagine, after all."

the tranhful retort of Polly; "ob all de wicked folks dat cher libel, I tlink day is downst. Hello! what dat?"

" What was it like?"

- "Sunda' hit me on de cheek; dar it is ag'in!"
- " I felt it too-"
- "Dir it is ag'in-heigho! what's de matter?"
- "It is showing." exclaimed Olive; "look upward and you will feel the flakes fast enough."

So it proved; the same snow-storm that caught Burt Bunker

and Pomp had now begun, and the feathery flakes were coming first and firster. With the increase of the particles in the air, the dialances deep ned until our friends were unable to die of the Cher, even when tiling as closely as was possible.

Bottly kin without were environal by savages, who e governit is were ever and like, and the sound of who e herses'

feet were heard upon the soft prairie.

By not by the thought came to Olive Mallord that this duke is might be the means of her escape. All she wanted was a mir start, and she was certain her horse could hold his own against the best one in the possession of her captors.

And she saw no reason why she should not gain the necessary start. A salien wheel, a sharp word, and he would be off like the wind.

But what of Polly?

Sir could not desert her, when the very act of doing so we all most probably bring down their fury upon her guiltless head.

San had heard no word of English spoken by her captors, but, for all that, she suspected that some of them knew something of the larguage, and if they chose, could make their own meaning known in it.

S. It imports case, she can great risk of making her project has an to them when she should communicate it to Polly, as S. Ital determined to do from the first.

Sil, the wheir preceding was translat with risk, and she

- no other ears.
  - "I'm ill will," sir i ill i, in a somewhat hou er key.
  - "'Sh! not so loud-"
- "I) you signed I have fidently contacts do hear me?"

  "I the server, change is received with each word.

  "I don't keer of dey do-"
  - "But I am " was the stern response of Olive"
- transfer in the saddle second to second and some of the
- "Listen catefully; for I wish no one to hear me but

The servant leaned her head as far toward her mistress as she could, and gave her to understand, by a sort of aspiration, that her wishes were respected.

- " I am going to try and get away from these Iad and
- " Yas."
- "And I want you to go with me."
- "So does I."
- "Now, listen again: in a few moments I am going to turn my horse's head about and start him off on a run. The instant I do so, you must follow. Do you understand me?"
  - "I bet I does, and I'll foller mighty quick."
- "Very well; when you hear me speak to my animal, that means that the time has come, and if you wait a second it will be too late."
  - "All right," was the confilent response of Polly.

Olive Mulford's heart trembled at the thought of the attempt she was about to make. She spent several moments in earnest prayer for success, and then gave her horse a quick jerk, uttered a sharp word, and wheeled his head about.

The obedient animal showed almost human intelligence in his quickness of perception of the wishes of his rider. He whirled on his hind feet, and made a furious plunge straight outward, knocking several animals from his path, and away he sped over the prairie.

"Come on, Polly!" shouted the girl, as she sped swiftly onward, with her heart beating high with the sudden hope thus raised in her breast.

There was no response from her faithful friend, but she heard the tramp of pursuing horsemen, and the shoats of the infirited Blackfeet, who were tearing through the blinding snow in their mad pursuit.

Hope flutt red in her breast for a while, as the fearful sown is comed so close, but she had not gene for when her had light mel, as she became certain that her on mis were gradually falling behind.

"(fo it, good Dick!" she excluimed, as the patted the animal's neck; "the broad prairies hold not your equal."

On, on she speed, even after all sounds of pursuit had died out, with undiminished speed, until finally she reined up her panting beast and listened.

All was still save the soft rustle of the snow upon her garments. No sound of the running horses' feet, or shrill whoop of the Indian, reach therears. All was still; she was free.

But where was Polly? Had she followed her? Or had she been frastrated in the attempt, and was she still in the hands of the Indians?

These were the questions that our heroine asked herself, and which size was unable to answer satisfactorily.

She felt that she could not desert her friend, who was so really to risk her life for her sake. Polly would have perished rather than have acted in such a manner toward her, and in one sense the girl would have looked upon herself as the cause of the death of the poor creature.

All was derivers around her, and she had only a general idea of what part of the country she was in. She could only guess at the course for her to take, and choosing that which she believed to be the right one, she turned her horse's head about, and allowed him to walk slowly forward.

Hark! She hard some cough. It sounded like Polly. She listened; yes, she heard the tread of some animal in the snew; shely it was her. The sound came nearer. She called her name, at first low and cautiously, and then louder.

Yes; it must be her.

" Polly, why don't you answer me?"

"Ugh! ght i to meet pale-face!" exclaimed the gruff voice of a Blackhost warrior, as he seized the bridle of her horse in his iron grasp.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### THE BLACKFOOT ANTELOPE.

A comp child crapt over Hogene Mentiose, as he heard the trapp randomice that an Indian was standing so near him. Coming on the heal of his statement that he had had three companions shot dead in the same spot, it would have taken a man of more than ordinary nerve to sit quick.

"Don't stir," added Bunker, a moment later; "it's a frien ily Injin, and of I ain't powerful mistook, though I never see'd the critter, I think it's the varmint they call Antelope.

Mentrose could stand it no longer. Springing to his feet, he turned his head, and, by the light of the camp-fire, saw the dim outlines of an Indian standing stationary beside a tree, and apparently looking with great interest at the two men.

His image was so indistinct that he could not make sure of his identity, but he ran the risk.

" Hello, Antelope, why don't you come forward?"

But the Indian never stirred or spoke.

Mentrose called him again—but the tree-trunk beside which he was standing was not more motionless than he.

A shiver of apprehension ran over our hero, and he whispered to the trapper:

"That isn't Antelope; it's some infernal dog that is seeking our lives."

"Be careful he don't drive his tomahawk into your headpiece!"

"If he doesn't answer I'll fire-"

While speaking to Burt, Mentrose had stood with his side toward the red-skin—a most unhunter-like proceeding, as it give the savage all the opportunity he could wish to drive his tomalrawk into his brain, and while standing thus, he observed a peculiar expression on the face of the trapper, which he failed to comprehend.

But, when he turned back again, there stood the Indian within arm's length of him, a position to which he had glided with the silence of a shalow. One glance, however, showed that it was his old frien! Antelope, whose rather hand, me face was certainly illumined with a smile.

"Conform I you, how are you?" exclaimed Meatron as he selved his dusky paim. "I've heard that you some image jokel, and now I know it. Why didn't you answer ma?"

The Antelope stepped into the circle of firelight, and looked curit sly at the trapper, who understood the meaning of his action. Rising to his feet, the hunter stepped forward, and spoke in his most genial manner:

"Mint Rose, you haven't l'arned all thar is in Injin natur'

yet, else you'd never took yer eyes off that red-skin till yer knowed him. He war waitin' that till he satisfied himself but me. It wouldn't take an Injin long to see that war nothin' to be afeard of 'bout you."

Taking the kint, Mentrose introduced the gruff old trapper and the light, graybound-like Blackfoot, who returned his conflict saint aion with equal condicities.

"But Binker great hunter," said he, as the two grasped hands; "kill much Blackfoot."

"Wal, I don't deny it," replied the trapper, as his enormous month grew more enormous from its tremendous grin; "I've giv the key-note for the Blackfoot Death Chant more times than I kin count; but Antelepe won't deny that I have allers let 'cm alone, when they've surved me in the same fashion. People in the settlements speak about the rattle-snake, and yet the riptyle never druv his fangs into the chap that didn't 'sturb him, and that's the way with me and the Blackfoot."

"My brother talks true," replied Antelope; "much bad Blackfoot—hurt white men—dey hurt him—all right."

"Yer talk like a man of sense," said Burt; "set down, and we'd give yer a bite of yerself. Antelope eat antelope, hi, yi?"

The Indian was not backward at all in accepting the invitation. He was very hungry, and seated himself upon the genul, while Burt busied himself in cooking a piece of their game.

Mentrose looked on with pleasure, for he was glad to see two so herepresentatives of the contesting races in the West, natiging so fraternally together. Each had heard of the other long before, and their conduct showed a mutual respect so here two brave men, even if enemies, hold toward each other.

While Birt was occupied with his culinary duties, Engene convers I with the switt-forted Indian, and inquired how it was that they met again, when he had thought their separation was a complete one.

The Antelope explained in his characteristic manner, that he was now upon his own hunting-ground. His village, where his squaw awaited his coming in her lodge, was about

a hundred miles further north-west—a trifling distance to an In lian. He had a singular adventure, which was the cause of his being in this place.

He was riding rapidly over the prairie, during the early part of the forenoon, when he caught sight of a small party of In lians in the distance, whose manner was such that he suspected they had some prisoners or booty with them, and that they were hurrying homeward with it.

The Antelope at once gave chase, and soon came near enough to see that they had two captives with them. The Blackfeet seemed to be averse to receiving any more company, and they continued at such a rapid rate over the prairie, that he gained quite slowly upon them.

But he was gaining surely, and would have overhauled them eventually but for the accident that befell his horse. While going at a tremendous speed, his fore-feet plunged into a deep hole in the prairie, that was hidden by the matted grass, and he fell with such violence as to break his neck on the instant.

His rider shot a dozen feet over his head, but his remarkable agility caused him to light on his feet without injury. Such was the wonderful fleetness of the Antelope, that he meditated continuing the pursuit on foot, confident that he could readily overhaul the party—but their direction in licate I that their destination was his own village, so he chose to wait.

Seeing that his horse was dead, he picked up his rifle, and took it afoot. He was thus far on his journey, when he entered the grove to spend the night, having no suspicion of the camp-fire there, until he came directly upon it.

The narrative of the Antelope, as may be supposed, was listened to with the most intense interest by Eugene Mentrose, who did not doubt for an instant that the friendly Indian had seen the Blackfoot purty bearing away Olive Mulford and her servant Polly. The trapper had caught the last part of the recital, and he showed no little interest in the matter.

When the Antelope had finished, he exclaimed: "Thar's yer game! Thar's whar the gal is!"

The friendly Blackfoot was now made acquainted with what was known of the abduction of Olive Mulford, and he at once agreed with the trapper that he had come very near

overtaking the very captives about whom they had been conversing and about whom the young man was so greatly concerned.

By this time the meat was prepared, and the Indian showed his keen appetite by devouring every particle of it with almost the quickness of a wild animal, but he declined more.

It was far into the night, and before lying down, both the trapper and Blackfoot made a circuit of the grove to discover whether there was any danger to be apprehended from their foes.

Nothing of an aluming nature was discovered, and, at a late hour, it was decided safe for all three to lie down, and secure sleep while it was in their power to do so.

The night passed away without the least disturbance of any kind, and at an early hour in the morning, the three hunters were astir and ready for the duties of the day.

There was little ceremony in the separation of the party. After taking their breakfast together, Mentrose and the friendly Indian bade good-day to the trapper, and moved out of the grove.

It had been arranged that they were to take the trail of the party spoken of by Antelope, and follow this with all speed, neither doubting for an instant that they were thus thrown providentially upon the trail of the very ones whom, otherwise, they might have searched for in vain during many days.

Mentress offered to share his horse with his comrade, or to alternate with him in riling, but he smiled and shook his head.

"Much slow," said the Antelope. "The horse cannot catch the Antelope."

As the red-skin made this boast several times, Mentrose was referencions to take the conceit out of him. He was mounted on one of the flectest and most powerfal animals of the West—ext that he was certain could, at a moderate gallop, leave him for bohim. He said nothing, however, until he saw that the Indian was really bontering him for such a trial.

Montrose had become so intimate with the Blackfoot, since buying St. Louis, that he understood him thoroughly, and did not fear to speak his mind freely.

"The Antelope talks as the child," said he; "he is swift of foot, but the horse can leave him far behind."

"Try it," replied the Indian, with an impulent look, peculiar

to himself.

They had passed over a small ridge of hills, and were now upon a broad sweep of level prairie. Mentrose heshared a moment, and then struck his horse into an easy gallop, which the Indian easily equaled.

The rider looked down with no little admiration at the clean-limbed Blackfoot, running at his side with the apparent case of a grayhound. There seemed to be searcely any effort at all on the part of the runner, who finally increased his pace so as to slightly draw ahead of the horse.

"There is too much conceit altogether in you," reflected Mentrose, as he witnessed this performance, " and there will

be as long as I am so indulgent with you."

He gave his horse a quiet jerk, and he increased his speed fully twenty per cent, so that in a few seconds he was beside the Indian again.

"Come, you had better knock under," called out the horse-man; "you will be so exhausted that it will take you half a

day to get over it."

The Antelope looked up as if he did not comprehend the meaning of this. Then he suddenly wheeled and ran tackward, not only keeping even with the galloping horse, but actually drawing away from him again!

This proceeding somewhat startled Mentrese. If a man could run backward with such velocity, what speed could be

: not attain when running in the natural manner.

"Doubtless he has practiced that outlandish style," thought the young man, "until he is as good that way as the other, and he has now put it on for effect. He's a conceited redskin."

The horse was now going at a spanking gait, but nothing tike a full run. They had gone the better part of a mile, and the Antelope, with the tantalizing grin upon his face, was looking back at his opponent. Finally he beckened for him to come on.

Mentrose laughed, and spoke sharply to his horse, determined to end this farce, in snort meter.

Fister, faster sped the horse, settling down into the long, easy striles of the animal accustomed to running, and faster and faster sped the Blackfoot, varying his progress by running tackward, then forward, then leaping high in air, spinning round and round, whooping and beckoning to his friend to come on.

A mile alread was another high ridge in the prairie. The Antelope pointed to it, and nodded his head to signify that that was the goal.

"I'll show you!" excluimed Mentrose, now fully aroused. He gave his horse free rein and urged him to a full run, coming up rapilly to his antagonist and finally passing.

"Sorry to do it," laurhed our hero, as he came abreast,

" but it is time I took a little wind out of your sail."

On, on he passed, until he was quite a distance ahead of the Blackfast, who, to all appearance, was putting forth his utmost exertions, in vain.

But an! Engene Mentrose had not yet learned all the tricks of the cunning day, who had permitted himself to fall behind for the purpers of "shutting the eye" of the confident horseman.

A soll in will whoop, that rung far out, caught the ear of the conflicut filer, and gluncing over his shoulder, he saw the Autolije coming like a meteor. The herse seemed to compile in it the nature of the contest, and to enter thoroughly into its spirit. He plunged ahead at the top of his speed, but, do his than t, he could not keep the Blackfoot in the rear. The litter already gained upon him, and as steadily passed him, the Indian for the first time calling into play his extraordinary an inity and wonderful fleetness.

Math so was never so amazed in all his life. He had a version heard of such speed before, and he looked upon the Autel pe with a weather which it would be difficult to express.

The Indian was done triffing. He never abated his trenon has speed in the least, until he sped like an arrow to the top of the ridge, a bun had yards ahead of the horseman, and terning rand, beckened to him to come on.

I never was so beaten in my life!" exclaimed Mentrose, as he thundered up beside him and drew rein. "I don't

believe there is a horse, or any creature living, that can outrun you. I half suspect that you could run away from a bullet fired after you."

"Dat so," was the complacent reply of the Antelope, who, with all his unequaled attainments, was not particularly over-

burdened with modesty.

This curious race was witnessed by another party—no less a personage than Burt Bunker, the trapper, who had taken up his journeying again toward the North-west almost immediately after the departure of his friends, and who, reaching a spur or ridge of hills that commanded quite an extensive view of the surrounding country, reined up for a short time and looked off upon the plains.

He watched the two men a few moments, and, although they were a long distance off, it did not take him long to understand what was going on, and he felt no little interest in the result.

"I don't wonder that they've christened that varmint the Antelope, 'cause he's the swiftest critter in the West, and I don't b'lieve that's nothin' that travels on legs that kin beat him."

He watched the men a few minutes longer, and then, as was his custom, muttered to himself:

"Quar; I wonder of that Mint Rose ar' the chap he calls himself? Wonder of he noticed me, when I fast got a goal look at him by the fire? Skulp me! but don't they look alike! It beats all natur'! Why didn't I ax him? No, no, no—what a fool I am?"

He turned about, dashed away the tears that were coursing down his bronzed cheeks, and compressing his lips, started on toward the beaver runs of the Yellowstone.

But there were wondrous events close at hand, of which he little dreamed!

### CHAPTER VI.

#### IN THE BLACKFOOT COUNTRY.

The Blackfoot, called the Antelope, after the astonishing exhibition of his speed that we have mentioned, disdained to take any rest, but resumed his walking, passed on over the ridge, and descended into the level prairie beyond.

Mentrese was now in a section the like of which he had never seen before. There were broad stretches of plain, but none of them reached out to the horizon, as he had been accustomed to see, when journeying further south.

The cloud-like peaks of the mountains looked blue and flimy in the great distance, although he knew their tops were covered with snow. On beyond these lay the Blackfoot village, toward which they were journeying.

This was a very undulating portion of the country, being broken up into prairie, mountain, wood, and stream, and they could not expect to make any thing like the progress they desired; but the Antelope said that two days' rapid traveling, without any accident, would take them to the village, where, unlimitedly, the two captives were held.

The Blackfoot Indians are to-day the most dreaded red-skins of the North-west, as, beyond question, they are the most powerful. Twenty-five years ago, which, it will be remembered, is the time of which we are speaking, there was no tribe that had any claim to being their peer. They rouned over thousands of square miles of territory, dwelt in many contributions of square miles of territory, dwelt in many contributions, whether in the shape of hunters, explorers, or trappers, who vertured upon their hunting-grounds.

The fleet-footed Antelope has been termed a friendly Indian—an appellation which must not be understood as implying that he was unfriendly to his own people. He had simply declined to act as an enemy to the whites, and, on several occasions, during the past few years, he had signally befriended them.

He had a wife and several children, who dwelt undisturbed among the Blackfeet, and he invariably made his home there, when not engaged on the scout. It was well known among his people that he was well disposed toward the whites, but no one troubled him on that account. He had an eloquent story of being saved from death by a party of hunters, and of his promise to them that he would never raise his hand against their race, unless it was done in self-defense.

This was the note that struck a responsive one in the breasts of the Blackfeet. They could understand the emotion of grati-tule, although they were not particularly affected with it them' selves.

So long as the Antelope did not choose to interfere with any of their schemes, so long was he safe; but none kn w better than he the danger he would incur by cressing their path. Their fleeing from him showed that, while holding the female captives, they did not desire his company. He was prevented, or more properly induced, to forego his intention of overhauling them, on account of the accident to his horse; but he approached near enough to identify several of the Indians as members of his own clan, and dwellers in the same village with him.

The Antelope was now engaged on one of the most dangerous expeditions he had ever undertaken; for it was his intention to do all he could to rescue both the white and black
captives from their captors, no matter how great the personal
risk thereby incurred. He had held but comparatively a short
companionship with Mentrose, but it had been long enough to
develop quite a strong frien lessip between the two.

As they were now in the heart of the Blackfoot country, Mentrose was in more personal danger than he imagined, the presence of the Antelope aff a ling him less security than he believed.

The journey during the foreucon was over the same broken country to which we have already referred, and Mentices urged his companion to ride upon his horse; but the other parent torily refused.

"When Antelope tired-dea ax to rile."

"There is no use of waiting until then; I have ridden so long that it would relieve me to walk."

- "Walk den," was the sensible response.
- " Will you ride?"
- " No."

"Then I will keep on my horse," said the young man, who, while willing to walk, still thought it better to ride, so long as it stanimal showed no signs of tatigue, as he had no gait short of a most exhausting one that could equal the peculiar, light sop of the Antelope, whose muscles seemed made of steel, ear electic, ever threless, and in their normal condition when in rapid motion.

The journey was continued, with scarcely an interruption, until noon. Buffalo, deer and antelope were encountered at all times, and could have been easily shot, without moving from their path, but they passed them by without disturbance, until they were ready for dinner. It was a pleasant day, with a clear sky and mild sun, that made walking or riding a pleasant recreation.

Numerous streams of all kinds were encountered, and near noon they came upon the banks of one of a size large enough to be a the name of river. While going up the bank of this, so ching for a good fording-place, they came upon a campfire.

The Antelope was the first to discover it, in the shape of a asset smoke, making its way through the tops of some to s. The smoke was thick and heavy, so as to be easily a by any one who chanced to look toward it.

- " White man!" exclaimed the Blackfoot.
- "Den't be in such a harry. I'd advise you to wait till you know something about it."
  - "De know," was the emphatic response.
- "I'll wager my heree against your gun that you don't know, and that it is an Indian."

The Antel poliumesitatingly accepted the bot, each party mutally resolving that if he won, he would not claim the states. The two began creeping through the grove from which the smoke issue, and simultaneously discovered that both were arong, and consequently each had lost his wager.

There was one man stretched out in front of the big fire, whose appearance showed that it had been burning some time.

That man was the negro Pomp, the servant of Colonel Mulford. His horse was contentedly cropping the grass and herbage near at hand, while the darky himself had wadded up some leaves for a pillow, and was as happily sleeping as if in his own trundle-bed at home, with no such thing as Indians of the Blackfoot order in existence.

Mentrose and the Antelope looked at each other, and could scarcely keep from laughing out, at the scene before them. It was so unexpected, and each had been so completely deceived, that it presented itself in all its absurdity to both of them at the same moment.

"Who he?" asked the Blackfoot, laying his hand angrily upon his knife.

"He is a frient," said Mentrose, who recognized Pomp. "I have seen him before."

" Who he?" repeated the Indian.

" Wait and you'll see."

At the same time he moved forward and gave Pomp a shove with his foot. It required considerable more vigor than this, before he was aroused, and then he stared around some time, apparently at a loss to understand who he was, and anxious for some one to introduce him to himself.

"Hello! dat you, Masser Mentrose?" he finally asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes; what are you doing in this part of the world?"

"I don't know—yes I does," he added, as his faculties began to brighten up. "I's lookin' for Missus Olive and me mudder."

" Where are they?"

"Dat jist what I'd like to know."

After the departure of Burt Bunker from the fort at Beaver River Agency, Pomp was left without any one to advise him. He was welcome to remain there as long as he chose; but he could got do so while his mother and Olive Mulford were in danger. He was allowed to take one of the horses belonging to the colonel, and started on his search.

He had learned, since living in this wild region, that the Black-feet came from the north and north-west, and he concluded, very naturally, that his friends were in that direction. So he puted off with no very well defined idea of how he was

to attain his object, but with a determination that it should be done somehow.

And so he had drifted forward, halting and resting whenever he felt like it, until he built his camp-fire among the trees, where its smoke caught the eyes of the Antelope and his companion.

This was the country for royal game, and brief as had been the experience of the negro in the territory, he never wanted for food.

Of course, this was an unexpected addition to the party, at I Mentrese was undecided whether to permit him to bear them company or not. The Antelope gave his consent with a trible hesitation, but it was finally agreed that the darky should go with them.

As it was high-neon, the pursuers made their dinner in the grove, from the game which Pompey had brought down, and with only a short parse they resumed their journey.

As they progressed, Montrese saw that they were indeed practizing deeper and deeper into the Blackfoot country. Every now and then they caught "sign," which tell the experienced hunter so plainly that his enemies are near him, and it required no little care on the part of the Antelope to avoid them.

Pemp proved a very tractable member of the party. He now and then put forth some original schemes for the pursuit and received his friends, but, as they received no attention from his companions, he did not urge them very strenuously.

Several streams of considerable size were forded, and the country became more broken and undulating. At night they lad penetrated so far to the northward, that, after selecting the rast secure hilling-place, the Antelepe forbade them building a fire.

"Bischfiet have eyes of eagles!" was the forcible reason for this prehilibin, and no one ventured to dispute him.

So they have down supporters, a trial which seemed to affect Penpendy, he declaring that he hadn't got used to living on nothing, and did not care alse at learning at his age.

The Antil pest and great during the darkness, for, although he said nothing to his companions, yet he had discovered a few hours between that they were in the vicinity of a large war-

party of his people, who would make short work of Mentrose and Pomp, if they should discover them.

It was an auxious night for the sentinel, and never did the lioness watch its young more faithfully than did he. The proximity of a cañon, with its incessant rear, prevented his customary reliance upon his acute sense of hearing, and he offset this disadvantage by making a circuit around them every few minutes through the entire night.

His friends had been asleep about a couple of hours, when he discovered that snow was again drifting down among the trees. It was in fine silvery particles, and the air became quite cold.

The snow continued falling all night, but so lightly that when morning dawned only about an inch covered the ground, This, however, greatly increased their danger, as they could not avoid leaving such a palpable trail, that if it were crossed or seen by any of the roving Blackfeet about them, their identity would be discovered on the instant.

What to do was the all-important question.

The Antelepe, however, proved equal to the emergency.

He decided that their horses must be abandoned, and left where they were until they could return and claim them, after the recapture of the fugitives.

They were near quite a large stream, one of the main tributaries of the upper Yellowstone, which made a long début toward the north before it made its sweeping bend, and emptied into this great river of the North-west. It was his purpose to reach this as stealthily as possible, and then proceed as far as practicable in a canoe.

It will be seen at once that there was an immense advantage in this, as they escaped altogether the necessity of leaving a trail behind them—that betrayer of hundreds of explorers who have ventured into a savage wilderness, and whose death has followed from its discovery by their foes.

There were still two obstacles to overcome, which, slight in themselves still might prove serious ones before they were surmounted. The distance intervening between them and the river was the dangerous point, and after reaching the stream, there was a probability but no certainty of finding the indispensable cance.

Mentrose and Pomp had both conformed to the usages of the country so far as to wear moccasins, although the negro's feet, very naturally, were of enormous size. For the purpose of misleading any who might discover their trail, the Antelope instructed them to turn their feet neither in nor out, while walking. Mentrose found no difficulty in obeying him, but it was not so easy for Pomp.

"My feet's 'customed to turnin' out, and it takes a good deal ob work to turn 'em in," he remarked, as he did his best

to obey.

However, they hurried forward, and reached the river without disturbance or difficulty. Here their good-fortune was such that they found the very cause, within a few feet of

where they struck the bank.

In a few minutes all three were in it, and the Antelope showell scarcely less skill in handling the oar than he did in handling his lags. Helpe I by the carrent, the boat skimmed rapidly forward, the Blackfoot keeping close to shore and never relaxing his watchfulness. At noon they halted, kindled a five and cooked some fish that their guide had caught.

Finally, when it began to grow dark, the Antelope landed once more, with the announcement that the river could help them firmard no further, and all they had to do was to con-

tent the medices in patience until his return.

Mentrese and Pomp were within ten miles of the Blackfort vill ge, and here they were to wait through the long, dark hours, until the return of the Antelope and the captives. He had premized to be back by daylight, with news of their friends.

It was a frosty night, with no moon, and they had been forlibben to start any fire, so that all they could do was to was and which, wait and watch—dreamy enough indeed for Mentree, whose feelings were wrought up to painful intensity.

Pop wrapped himself up in his blanket, and was soon and testep, while Mentrese paced back and forth, by the back of the siently sweeping river, his thoughts for away.

B willed Olive Mulfor !! How he had loved her when he was thrown into her enchanting society, many hundred miles from here. How she had been sought after by scores, who

were no less fascinated by her peerless face and form than by her rare amiability and matchless grace of manner.

He had sought her with the undeviating affection of the true lover, until her eye had learned to brighten at his coming, and he had begun to experience the blissful certainty of love's young dream, with the more blissful consciousness that it was returned by the object of his affection.

And then had come the sudden summons that removed her so abruptly that he was not given the time to hasten home and bid her good-by. As he had declared to the trapper, they were not betrothed—that is, the irrevocable word had not been spoken, but each loved the other with the whole warmth of their pure, generous natures, and had not Colonel Mulford been called away so suddenly, the betrothal would have taken place.

Hour after hour passed in this lonely pacing—hour after hour, until it began to grow light, and then through the din, misty gray, the figure of the Antelope appeared.

And this was the import of his message.

Neither Olive Mulford nor her servant were in the village, had not been there, nor did the Blackfeet know where they were!

## CHAPTER VII.

#### THE PRAIRIE STEED.

When assured of her escape from the power of the Black-feet, Olive Mulford had fallen into their hands again.

No pen can describe the utter desolution of heart that came over her, as the savage griped the bit of the horse and announced himself in the words which we have given. She was so completely overcome, that for a few moments she was entirely helpless and speechless.

Not until her captor had led her animal some distance, did she fully comprehend her situation, and that she had utterly thrown away the golden opportunity that she had in her grasp. Back again to captivity with all its attendant horrors!
She would not do it; she would escape again!

The Blackfoot still held the rein in his hand, when she gave it a jerk, and called to her horse. Obedient to her command, he made a plunging kap, but the wily red-skin was prepared for this, and with his iron grasp speedily brought him down to subjection again.

"Kill pule-face!" he muttered. "Keep still-scalp."

"Kill me then!" exclaimed Olive, in the depth of her despair and wee: but the Blackfoot unquestionably meant it as an extinguisher of any scheme of flight that she might entertain.

The driving snow and cold air gradually cooled the fever in the veins of Olive Mulford, and she soon saw the unwise at I sinful feelings that had held sway in her breast a short time before.

Bick again to captivity; it was a dreary prospect indeed, but the same ban I that had upheld her thus far, would not forsike her then, and something like a reaction from the despire which had pressed her down came over her, and "eternal hope" sprung up again.

On, on through the blinding snow and darkness tramped the horses, no re wearied with the constantly accumulating snow beneath their feet than an hour's full run over the open prairie could have made.

On, on, hour after hour, until Olive wendered by what subtle instinct the Blackfoot could keep the right direction, when there were no stars and no guiding-mark at all.

He must be going astray; she was sure of it.

Oh, if he would but only fall into the common mistake of what he ing in a circle, and the day would give her another of principle to make her attempt to escape. Surely he could not be going aright with no landmark to guide him.

Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Olive Multi-rd, as she took her memorable night-ride in a snow-storm, with no companion but a Blackfoot Indian.

It was a long and dreary night, thus plodding onward through the snow and darkness, and she felt no little compossion for her horse, who had been on the go for so many hours, and to whom the savage did not show the least pity or includgence. The gradual lightening of the darkness finally showed that day was breaking, and shortly after the storm decreased at that point which had been reached by the two, although, as will be remembered, Burt Bunker and Pomp scarcely got out of it before noon.

Olive looked anxiously around her, but saw nothing of the rest of the Blackfeet, and was beginning to hope that they had wandered hopelessly away from the one with her, when she heard a whoop, to which her captor instantly responded.

This interchange of signals continued for some time, the sounds showing that they were gradually approaching each other, until our heroine caught sight of the entire party, with her servant Polly among them.

"Lor' bless yer! w'at did yer come back fur?" demande!

the negress, as she recognized her.

"I couldn't help it-"

Her feelings, suppressed so long, now overcame her, and she sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Melted with pity, Polly moved her horse toward her, for the purpose of taking her head upon her shoulder and offering her sympathy, but she was rudely thrust back by one of the Indians.

"W'at do yer mean?" demanded the negress, glaring at the Blackfoot like a tiger. "Y'u're nuffin' but a red nigger any

way."

The savage placed his hand very threateningly upon his knife, and alarmed for the safety of her friend, Olive looked up, and besought her to be quiet for her sake.

"Won ler ef dat ole fool t'inks I's afeard ob him?" growled Polly, as she seowled sideways at him. "I'd jist like to tear his eyes out."

" For my sake, restrain your temper," pleaded Olive.

"I'll do't, Lor' bless yer soul; I'll do any thing far yer," replied Polly, giving way now to her feelings, but speedily gaining the mastery of them again.

The onward journey was resume I, and in the course of an hour they reached ground where scarcely any snow had fallen, and where the storm had entirely ceased. Selecting a good camping-site, a halt was made and all dismounted.

Both Poily and Olive were so chilled from riding on hore-back through the cold for so many hours, that they could

scarcely stand. They were a-hungered, and sorely in need of rest and refreshment.

The Blackfeet speedily had a large fire kindled, and a dinner preparing, while the captives warmed themselves as best they could at the fire. When a bountiful supply of meat was prepared, they were given all they could desire, and neither hesitated to eat her fill.

Olive was not a little surprised at the good treatment she had received up to this time. No insult had been offered her, and considering that she was in the power of one of the most dangerous and treacherous of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, she had every reason to be grateful for the lenience they had displayed from the very moment of her captivity.

It was a wonder indeed, when the action of Polly especially is called to mind, that some of those who understood her words and spirit, did not bury their tomahawks in her brain.

Perhaps they were only "bidling their time."

Something like an hour's halt was made, and then the journey was resumed. The substantial meal, and the warmth of the rearing campulate, caused the captives to feel quite comfittable, although they could not feel otherwise than heart-sinkened at the knowledge that every hour was taking them further away from friends, and all prospect of rescue.

The Blackfiet seemed to have no fear of pursuit, and kept along at a two lerate pace, their horses scarcely ever going for than a walk, except when they reached a broad stretch of prairie, when they were put to the highest rate of speed for an hour or more.

This was on the occasion when the Antelope made the attempt to join company with them, although neither Olive nor Polly to leasterd the compact such haster

With the disapparance of the pursuer, the Blackfeet settled down to their old steady rait, which was continued until near, when another half of an hour or so was made, and dinner eaten.

They had scarcely started, when Olive discovered that a mething was the matter with her horse. He shivered and stargered in such a way as to alarm her and attract the attention of the Indians. She saw that he was likely to fall any moment, and she prepared herself for it.

Sure enough, in less than a mile he stopped walking, gave a more violent shiver, and then fell, and rolled over so saldenly that Olive had barely time to save herself from being crushed beneath him.

The animal was evidently dying, and his rider was never more to ride him.

Several of the Indians dismounted, and approached the beast to examine him. It took but a few moments for them to see that nothing more was to be expected of him, and one of the Blackfeet, with commendable humanity, sunk his keen tomahawk into the head of the animal, with such fearful force, that his suffering was ended at once and forever.

Olive was not a little affected at the loss of her favorite horse, but a singular discovery quickly changed her feelings. She was placed upon the back of a small, black, flery mustang, one of the cleanest-limbed and swiftest animals that ever existed; but, as she was about to mount him, she recognized the horse as her own property.

It was he that had been presented to her, by her father, when she first came into this solitude. Colonel Mulford had bought him of a Texan ranger, and knew him to be one of the fleetest and most enduring animals of that famous breed. He soon displayed a deep and intelligent affection for his mistress, who valued him above any thing else of the brute creation that she had ever owned.

She frequently rode him without any bridle, his obedience to her voice being perfect. He would run to her wherever she came from the house, and was never so happy as when she was fondling him, or when, mounted upon his back, he was careering with the speed of the wind over the prairie.

The grief of Olive Multord, therefore, will be understood, when, one morning, Pet, as she had named him, failed to answer her call, and the discovery was soon made that he had been stolen. An examination of the ground showed that a single Indian had entered the stable during the night, and made off with him.

Colonel Mulford made every effort to recover the mustang. He offered a large reward to all the Biackfeet, with whom he came in contact at the agency, for his return; but he heard nothing of him, and finally gave up the search.

57

Months had passed, and now, by a curious concurrence of circumstances, Olive Mulford was upon his back again! What was better, Pet also recognized his mistress, showing it in a manner that could not be mistaken, careering, curveting, and whimping his joy, and ready to do her bidding, and waiting only for the command.

Indeed, the animal had known her from the first, and made more than one effort to approach her, but the iron hand of his master had curbed him, and his manifestations of delight,

until now when they were brought together again.

Somehow or other, the very instant Olive mounted him, a curious, explant feeling came over her. It was not the natural pleasure that was to be expected from the mere reunion of the two friends, but something deeper than that. In truth, it was an expectation, amounting almost to a certainty, that this same mustang was to prove the means of her escape from the Blackfiet.

So great was her faith in this, that the fair girl could not restrain her delight. Her face glowed, and the old smile came back so ralliantly that Polly noticed it.

"Lor' 'a' massy, Miss Olive, what's de matter?"

"Nothing; why do you ask?"

"I never see'd ye look so happy like. If it war me, I should fel orful' after de red nigger had scalped my hoss, but you don't seem to mind it a lit, 'cept to feel better."

"Have you ever seen this pony before now that I am rid-

ing?"

Polly scanned it a moment, and then exclaimed:

" De Lor' be praised if it ain't Pet!"

"I thought a good deal of the other horse," said Olive, "and am stry he had to be killed, but I never loved him as I do Pet; and now, Pelly," she added, in a cautious tone, "if you once get a chance to run away on your horse, do so, without writing for me, for I shall follow as soon as I can, as you must do, if I get the start."

The necross no likel to signify that she understood matters, and that she would do her part better than before, if the opportunity should come.

The thoughts of Olive Mulford once more turned toward escape—she scarcely thought of any thing else. The mustang

was fleeter, even, than her former horse, and she wondered why she had not been retaken when she first attempted flight. She could only account for it by the supposition that Pet did not participate in the pursuit, or else went astray.

When night began descending upon the prairie, they were in a hilly, broken country, wilder than any over which they had yet journeyed. In some respects this was more favorable for flight, while it was also disadvantageous in other respects.

Olive finally determined to make her attempt just as they were going into camp, as the confusion at such a time seemed more likely to be favorable. She managed to apprise Polly of her intentions, and told her that in case she succeeded, she would await her coming on the bank of the large stream that they had crossed early in the afternoon, near where the large oak stood that had been shivered by lightning.

It was early in the evening that the Blackfeet drew rein, near a small stream of water, and began dismounting. They were all about Olive, for they evidently felt the necessity of watching her. Under some pretense, she managed to keep upon Pet until all the others were upon the ground. Then, when their attention was withdrawn, she gave the word to the mustang, and off he bounded like a meteor.

It was a brilliant coup, and succeeded by its very boldness. The Blackfeet were all admirable riders, and a half-dezen vaulted upon the backs of their animals and were off in a twinkling; but, quick as they were, the fugitive had gained a good start, which was improved to the utmost. The mustang seemed to be wild with delight, at the consciousness that he bore his beloved mistress on his back, and his magnificent powers were put to the highest stretch. Never before had he flown over the earth with such marvelous swiftness, and the furious Blackfeet saw the horse and its fair rider speed up the hill, and then both were outlined for an instant agrinst tire starry sky beyond, when they plunged down in the darkness and disappeared. Reaching the top of the hill, horse and rider had vanished and were seen no more.

Higher and higher rose the spirits of Olive Mulford, as she flew over the ground, and she did not draw roin until she had gone several miles, when she gradually slackened the speed of her mustang down, at last to a dead balk.

By this time there was no light, except the feeble glimmering of the stars, nor did any sound reach her ears. She was free again, and not likely to commit her former blunder of running back into the hands of her enemies.

"Now, if Polly can be equally fortunate," thought she; "she has as good a horse as any of the Indians, and only

wants such a start as I had to get away."

Carefully had she watched the landmarks in coming, in view of such a necessity as this, and she saw that she was adhering to the trail—a course that Polly would be obliged to follow to find her mistress.

Putting her mustang to an easy gallop, she continued her flight until she heard the murmur of the river, when she proceeded more cautiously to make sure of reaching it at the proper fording-place.

There was where she had agreed to wait for Polly, but prudence led her to cross to the other bank. The stream was quite shallow, and Pet was enabled to carry her across without permitting the water to touch her feet.

On the other bank she halted and waited for the coming of Polly.

It was dreary waiting, and her horse spent the time in cropping the grass, while she walked back and forth, ever vigitant to be sure that no enemy stole upon her unawares.

" Hello, dar, Miss Olly, whar be yer?"

It was the voice of Polly that came across the water, sounding far above the flow of the river.

" Are your alone?" called back Olive.

"'Course I is; who do yer s'pose would be wid me?"

" Come on, then."

In a few moments the two were clasped in each other's arms.

"It made such a high clot row, when you slipped away so bor if al, dat I Cought do time ob dis chile had come, and I stratilled my hose and put, too. Day didn't keer so much bout me as day did thout you, fur dar was only one dat chase I me, and he shot his gun at me, as long as he could see me; but thank de Lord, I got away and here I is."

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

With all these things were taking place, Burt Bunker, the trapper, mounted on his powerful Honeycomb, was leisurely pursuing his way toward the beaver-runs of the Yellowstone.

The slight part that he had borne in the incidents that we have described somewhat at length, as usual left little impression upon him, and, as was his custom, he put them behind him with the other thousand and one incidents of his career.

But as he rode along on the back of his horse, he found that there was one person at least whom he could not drive from his mind. He thought of the Antelope, as one of those extraordinary Indians such as he had encountered before, although none equaled him in his great attainment of running; he recalled Pomp, and smiled at the recollection of the manner in which they first encountered; he regretted that Colonel Mulford's daughter had been run away with by the Blackfeet, but hundreds of girls had undergone the same ordeal, and he hoped she would be as fortunate as some of them, and get out of their clutches again.

But Engene Mentrose—what was there in his face that haunted the trapper? When he shut his eyes, it seemed to this before him, and his thoughts wandered back to the camp-face, where they had sat opposite, and the dark eyes and handsome features were turned earnestly upon him—and then lack, through the long years, to another—how like!

"What made me let him go?" he asked himself, impatiently. "I thought of it then, but it didn't strike me so hard, and skulp me if it don't keep growin' onto me all the time."

Now and then he heaved a great sigh, and then, in the hope of driving the troublous thoughts from his mind, he harried his animal onward.

All day long, with scarcely an interruption, the journey was continued. When darkness put a stop to further progress,

he had not yet reached his destination, and he encamped on the share of a river—so unknown that to this day it has not received a name.

He was in the In lian country, and he did not forget his cantion and prudence. These, by the blessing of Heaven, carried him through the night, and the sun was hardly up, when he was en route again.

At meon his jurney was ended; he was on his favorite

trapping-ground.

Away up in the North-west, near the base of the Rocky M untains, in the very heart of the Blackfoot country, where the trapper had spent the winters of many past years, he had cone again to engage in the perilous task of catching beaver and otter.

As Buit dismounted from his horse, he looked about him, as does a man when he returns to his familiar home.

"It don't seem that the varmints have 'sturbed nothin'," he muttered, as he looked around preparatory to unloading his have." I take that as very lucky—hello!"

This exclamation was caused by the discovery that the large I how oak, which for several years had served as his wilderness home, was demolished. It had been shivered to fragments by a long of lightning, so that scarcely any semblance of a tree remained.

"Now that's qu'ar," so liloquized the trapper, "smashed by linktain'; ain't it good fur me that I wasn't in that about that thee, and didn't leave my traps that? But I take that as a sign that this will be the last winter I'll ever spend in the trappin' profession. Whether I'm to go under or git wiped on, or whether somethin' is to happen that's to stop me some other way, I can't say—but I know it will be one or t'other."

This curious presentiment seemed to weigh him down for the time, but he resolutely freed the duty which lay before him.

Remarks this lease, he continued along the river for a half-uniter so, when he came to a high, precipitous bank, the rake of which put hak for a considerable distance. Some distance from the shore, he again halted and began unloading Honeycomb.

This was soon completed, and then he carried his luggage

into a rough cave, which was of considerable extent, and with but one opening visible—through which he made his entrance by stooping considerably. His blankets, extra ammunition and other luggage were thrown down in one corner, and then he came outside again.

Remounting his horse he rode him some distance to a deep valley, filled with luxuriant vegetation, even at this late season of the year, and abounding with cottonwood, where he turned him loose to remain until the winter was over, unless sooner needed.

Then he returned to the cave, and brought forth a number of beaver-traps. The afternoon was spent in placing and setting them, and before it was fairly dark, he had this part of his duty finished. All that now remained was to await the favors of fortune.

During these proceedings, the trapper had carefully reconnoitered the neighborhood to learn whether there were any "signs" of Indians, and whether the indications of a successful trapping season were favorable.

So far as he could judge every thing was as he could wish. His "grounds" bore no appearance of recent visitation from the Blackfeet, while there could be no question but the forbearing animals were all about him in large numbers.

When he reached his cavern-home, it was entirely dark. He kindled his fire and made his supper upon several plump fish that he had caught, and then, as he felt somewhat restless, he lit his pipe, and wandered down toward the river, of which we have spoken.

All was still, and impressed by the sullimity of his surroundings, the trapper sat down upon the rocks, still the splitfully smoking his clay pipe.

Overhead the stars twinkled, undimmed by a single clear, while the soft murmur of the deep river at his fact was the only sound that reached his car. Turning his eyes to the bit, he could follow the stream by the reflection of the stars for some distance, until it wound around and disappeared among the woods and mountains. Looking again to the right, the same view met his gaze.

But hold!

While his eyes were wandering mechanically upward, to

where the river seemed to issue from the darkness itself, he said lenly saw a light flash out, as if a torch had been lighted and held aloft.

Instantly the trapper was alert. What did it mean?

Le ling constly at it, for full a minute, he made the discovery that it was stationary.

This was a proof that it was either a signal or a camp-

fire.

"That means red-skins," he muttered, as he still scrutinized it, "and that looks as though the varmints war comin' a lectle too close."

A few minutes more enabled him to locate it. It was on the opposite side of the river, and several hundred yards upstream. Kindled close to the river, only a slight undergrowth intervened to obstruct the view, and this did it so imperfectly that now and then he was enabled to distinguish a figure flit before it.

"Skulp me of the varmints ain't that sure," concluded Burt.
"That's half a dozen of 'em too."

So much decided, the trapper was not the man to rest until he had discovered more.

"Wonder of my cance is whar I left it?"

As noiselessly as a plantom he stole down from the rocks, whereon he had been resting, and made his way some distance up the hank to a dense mass of shrubbery that overhung the water. A moment's search was only necessary for han to find the small birchen canoe, resting overtuined and in precisely the same position he had left it the preceding spring, when, through with his winter's trapping, he concealed it, and, gathering his peltries together, started on his homeward trip to the States.

The trapper seemed quite pleased at the discovery, and he have it with a silence that would not have alarmed a listing Blackfort, had be been no more than a dozen yards away.

Litting the long, Indian paddle, he was about to step into it, when he drew back, startled at a sound that had reached his cars.

That peculiar ripple which can be made only by the flirt of a paddle, was the sound that had arrested him so suddenly.

Listening intently, he detected the steady movement of the oar, and discovered still further that it was coming from the direction of the camp-five and toward him.

This discovery was scarcely made, when another, equally important, made itself manifest, and that was that there was a second cance, and it was pursuing the first.

Neither of the boats was visible, but in the stillness of the

night, it was an easy matter to locate them by the ear.

"That looks as ef thar war whites somehow mixed up in this business," muttered the trapper, as he quietly stepped into his canoe, and held himself ready to join, or to refrain from joining in the contest.

" Ef it happens that thar be them of my own race," adde l

Burt, "it's my principle to go in and help lift ha'r."

The steady, rapid sweep of the oars could now be plainly heard; and suddenly from the darkness above, shot the shadowy form of a canoe, in which were scated three individuals, one only of whom was paddling, and he handled the oar with a dexterity and skill which proved that he was either an Indian himself, or an experienced hunter.

As the boat came nearer, the trapper scanned it closely, and was not long in discovering that the man who was using the long paddle with such rare skill was really an Indian.

Bart Bunker growled his disgust.

"It's dog eat dog, and hyar's as hopes they'll keep it up till thar ain't none of 'em left to plague hunters like me."

When the foremost cance was nearly abrest, the trapper made a second discovery, which wrought quite a change in his feelings. One of the other inmates of the boat, at least, was a white man, and consequently the Indian with him was a friend.

"That that makes things look different," concluded the trapper, as he began moving his boat along the shore, so as to keep nearly abreast with the other, and hold him elf re "; to participate in the encounter, whenever the opportune ment should come.

Only a few seconds clasped, when the second and the parwing caroo came in eight, and in it were visible the tuffed heads of four red-skins, two of whom were using their paddles with rare strength and skill. Here was an interesting state of affairs, and the trapper came to the conclusion that he had a duty to perform in the matter. It happen I that both were going against the current, which being more rapid in the center, caused them to werk at less advantage than Burt, who plied his paddle with noiseless skill, and experienced no difficulty in equaling their equal.

The trapper made sure that one of the fagitives was of his own race, and that all of the pursuers were "varmints," and when he had done this, he had selected his friends and ene-

mies.

His next point was to ascertain the degree of danger in which the figitives were placed, which was to be done by

comparing their respective rates of speed.

It required but a few minutes to do this, and the result was the knowledge that the larger party were gaining quite slowly, but none the less surely upon the other, and it followed, as an inevitable consequence, that, unless the latter put in shore, and took advantage of the many facilities for concealment, they would soon be overhauled.

As silently as the sweep of the swallow's wing, skimme I the can be of Bart Banker. He had been up and down this river so clen, that he could traverse it as well at night as during the laytime, and it would have seemed marvelous could one have seen the manner in which he glided in and out, following the win lings and turnings of the shore, with a mathematical exactness.

"Shulp me! why don't they give 'em a rip and then dodge in to share?" exclaimed Bart, who could not see how any thing was to be gained by the fagitives in such a chase as this. "He they den't do it purty soon, I will."

Not the crack of a ritle, nor a solitary yell came from the part of parened. They were all two deep in dead carnest to a six their tame in the less demonstrations, and each saved

his strength for the final assault.

This conies cheer was continued in this manner for fully a quester of a mile. The steering Indian had shown such surprising dectering in the use of his pullile, that by the help of one or two "sports" he had lest a much less part of his advantage than the trapper had anticipated.

But the fact was none the less positive, that the foremost was steadily losing ground. There seemed to be no one in it, except the savage, who was capable of using the implement with any effect, while the dead weight of the other two was too much disadvantage for him to overcome.

There must be a termination of this race very soon. Muscles of steel could not stand the strain to which the flecing Ladian had put his limbs ever since the chase began. The marvel to the trapper was that he could hold out, even for so short a time.

Bart Bunker laid down his paddle, and took up "Betsey Jane," his long, formidable rifle. For one instant it was pointed like the finger of fate, out in the darkness, then there was a flash, a sharp crack, followed by a wild yell, and one of the pursuing Indians flung his paddle overboard, and in his death-frenzy plunged headlong after it.

"Come this hyar way!" called out the trapper to the fugitives, who were scarcely less amazed than were their enemies. "Come this way, and be powerful quick bout it, too!"

But there was no supposing that such a voice belonged to an enemy, and there was scarce an instant's hesitation upon the part of the foremost canoe, whose prow was turned to the left, in obedience to the imperative command that had rung out with such startling effect upon the still night-air.

The wildest consternation filled the second cance, at the discharge of the deadly bullet, followed by the thun lerous command of the trapper. All had seen the flash of the ride, so that they knew that some third party had appeared upon the scene, and one who was not afraid to declare upon which side he belonged.

There was a moment's halt at the disappearance of their comrade, who went down out of sight in the deep water, but in a moment came up again, close to the canoe, when he was instantly seized by several hands and drawn into the leat, while others picked up the paddle that was floating away from them.

The Indian was found to be quite dead, but they retained him, so as to prevent his prized scalp-lock falling into the hands of an enemy.

The killing of the Blackfoot, the recovery of his body, and

time. The construction of the Indians had not been of that bewildering character that caused them to lose sight of their foes.

They saw the turn of the canoe, and it had scarcely glided into the bank of shadow thrown out by the vegetation along

the shore, when they were after it.

Bart expected this, and the instant they touched land, the facitives spring out, and ran over the broken, hilly ground, and through the vegetation, that was so intricate in some places as to seriously retard their progress. They were at no great distance from his cavern home, and seeing that the only safety lay in reaching that place, he headed straight for it.

"Foller me, and I'll take keer of yer!" he called out, seeing some disposition upon the part of his companions to "geatter."

There were searcely two of the company who could run at the same rate of speed, but they persevered, and finally reached the refuge. The trapper placed himself by the door, and glanced at each as he dodged in, the faint starlight just enabling him to do so.

"Skulp me, of thar ain't the darky, and thar follers Mint R so, and that air streak o' lightnin' mounted on legs, that

goes by the name of the Antelope."

The trapper was right. The three individuals, identified in his characteristic way, were his guests for the present at least.

# CHAPTER IX.

## BURSTING FROM COVER.

A rew werds are needed at this point by way of underatan ling the incidents that follow.

When the Antelope made his stolen visit to his village, he learned from those whom he could implicitly trust, that the

captives had not yet reached the village, nor had any thing been heard of the party, who, there was reason to believe, had them in hand.

This much learned, nothing was to be gained by remaining longer in the village. The Antelope, therefore, spent a half-hour with his family, and then set out upon his return.

A half-mile or more out on the way, he encountered three mounted Blackfeet returning to the village. He exchanged salutations with them, and was not long in learning that they belonged to the marauding party who had abducted Colonel Mulford's daughter and her servant. He learned further that the two had effected their escape in a clever manner, and that the rest of the party had gone in pursuit, while they, considering their services not needed, and having been engaged on a long expedition, were returning home.

The Antelope had learned all that was possible or necessary, and he returned with the three to the village, where he secured a horse and set out to rejoin his friends, who were awaiting him. When near Mentrose, he dismounted and approached him on foot, so as not to alarm him into discharging his ride at him, under the impression that he was a hostile Blackfoot stealing upon him for the purpose of murier.

This discovery accessitated a total chance of tactical While there was every read not rejoice at the flight of Olive Mulford and her servant, there were still grounds for the gravest apprehensions of their safety.

They had been earried so far to the northward, and so entirely away from that portion of the country with which they were acquainted, that it was hardly possible for them to find their way back to the Beaver River Agency without assistance. They were so well mounted that there was little fear of their being overhanded in a fair chase, the mustang of Olive, especially, being so fleet and long-winded, that nothing on the plains could hope to rival her.

But, in their wan beginns over the prairie, they would be cruin to become bewildered, entangled, and very likely in a trie ably lost. Such being the case, there could be little doubt but that the cunning Blackfeet would be enabled to trap them again. It was, therefore, decided by the Antelope to start also upon the back-trail, in the search for the fagitives, avoiding

at the same time making themselves visible to the Blackform addicately difficult undertaking, when it is remembered to the latter were between the fregitives and Antelepe and his party.

The dispurity of the opposing forces was such that nothing to the highest partial and a remaining or standarp fills.

The unit of jet of the Antelope, therefore, was to come up to ve Mulicul, and then act as her elect to the fort.

A lasty breakful was eaten, and by the time it was fairly had, the three were under way. The Blackfoot had gained a coral line who be of the course taken by the other party, which fort not by I dethem near the grove when their horses had been left, thus end ling them to "kill two black with one stone."

It is defealing into use the canoe, which had done them so I use I train, they struck struight across the country for the file of the normal strucks were awaiting that I had Arbel pers facel to mount his horse so long as his compact as his compact as his compact as his compact to all out three-fourths of the riding that was done.

The Indian guide kept about a hundred yards in advance, so sto did at the very first sign of danger, and thus to prevent their running blindly into it.

Proposed that he was not the first choice as a companion in the besides; but, having once seemed his presence, he could not very well bed in a with, and there was no tell-in the true was at hand when his services could be made useful.

It was a lightly in the forenoon when the finder was to it, who per to their difficulties they is the two heres will in a large full result of the difference of the shift fall of the light to the work light them.

up at the idea of his own importance.

ance?" asked Mentrose.

"I'd lebe," was the truthful reply. "Dis yah hoss knows how to run, and I'm de one dat would make him go, of I got de chance."

"You will doubtless get all the chance you want," responded our hero, "but don't be in too much of a Lurry to get away. Wait till you see us leaving before you run."

"Oh, golly, I'll stick to you, 'cause I know you's goin' on a limit for my mammy and de blessed Miss Olly dat's winher."

"Yes, Pomp, and if you have any love for them, you now have a chance to show it. You must be brave, and do whatever the Antelope commands."

" Dat I will."

The acgro was carnest in his promise, and if he could serew up his courage to the sticking point, it was by no name impossible that it might be his fortune to handle his ritle to some advantage.

Numerous trails were crossed; so numerous, indeed, that heal Mentrose been alone, he would have been herelessly bewildered; but the Antelope gave them scarcely more than a glance. On, on they pressed, galloping where the ground would permit, and only walking their animals when compelled to do so.

It was about noon when they descended a small were led ridge of hills, and the Antelope gave a suppressed who p.

" What is it?" asked Mentrose, hastening to his side.

The Blacktost pointed to the ground, where the impaint of horses' test could be plainly seen. He explained further that this was the back-trail of the fugities themselves. Over this and Olive Mulford had passed when the ing from her capters, and the horse of the nextess Polly, led by some strange is sinct, had followed in the footsteps of her mustany, so that it is this point the two trails were side by side.

The warmth of the sun, slight as it was, soon disclyed the sheet of snow with which the earth was covered, but the track of the pursuing and pursued hersemen was so distinct that even the stopid Pomp could see it, and no imposing at all to their speed was caused on that account.

After crossing the stream, where Polly joined her mistress, it was not long before the signs indicated that the fagilities

Let already gone astroy. Where she ought to have turned to the right, Olive Mulford had gone to the left, and when she dealthes invalued that she was rapidly approaching Beaver River Fort, or to minute was carrying her further away from it.

The pure it was continued all through the afternoon, and in it is it is easy were close upon their in the sine are only closer still to the Blackfeet.

If the inflictions became so distinct that the Antelope so the pool of all considerably. Late in the day, he established the railize of hills, from the top of which he cought sight of the Blackfeet, encamped a short distance away on the book of a large stream; but he could detect nothing of the factions the made a careful scrutiny of the camp so far as was possible in the gathering darkness, but onthe large stream and help.

He sami I, however, that they were at no great distance by a l, and tarther up the stream. Acting upon this supposition, he was about to complete his reconnoissance on foot, when his mind was changed by his stambling upon a canoe.

Circuling their hors say best they could, they cautiously ascended by the stream until opposite the camp-fire, when they began reconded ring the relakin party, and almost at the same areas type discovered by the Blackfoot, who, instead of this giventure as from the shore, and killing the whole three, as they easily ovald have done, became a pursuit the particulars of which have the algebra given the reader.

But Burker had no intention of being kermetically scaled up with his companion in the cavern. He had not scheded it with my issign of standing a siege, it being his propose to keep so his watch of "sign" as to prepent the possibility of such a thing occurring.

On within the steps wills, they were deprived of the incidence of the inci

Instal, the fee, of following his fires a nother envern, the traper which on the cursi. If only with ritle in half, property to short the first relative to that showed his self, in the house of driving book to party for the time at least.

But no tufted, coppery head presented itself, and he suspected the true reason. Thrusting his head into the entrance that led into the cavern, he called out, in a suppressed veice:

"See hyar! the varmints have gone back fur the rest, and it won't do fur us to be cotched hyar. Git yer guns ready to travel."

"Golly! I sh'd like to have sumfin' to eat afore I goes," whined Pomp. "I feels orful holler."

"Keep that black mouth shet, or I'll make ye holler more yit," growled the trapper.

There was wisdom in the words of the grizzled of i henter, and the Antelope would have proposed the same thing as soon as he could have precisely learned what the situation was. The cavern had been resorted to as a temporary refuge, to be held only while the peril was so imminent.

Once outside, Mentrose briefly explained what had happened since he separated from the trapper. Before the latter made any reply, he led them some distance away, where the whole party were concealed among the closely-growing trees.

"I see," he returned. "Yer arter the women--the black and the white one."

"'Specially de black one," interposed Pomp.

"It seems to me that they can not be far away," interpreted Mentrese; "at least, the Antelope thinks so."

"The Antelope is right, as a red skin is purty at to be in such a kind of business. The women can't be fur away, and if we kin only find 'em we won't want nothin' better."

"Antelope look."

And before any one could interpose, the friendly Indian had vanished like an arrow in the forest.

"Now, will shall we do?" asked Mentrose. "Stay I. retill he comes back?"

" Which side of the river are yer animiles?"

"On this side; when we found the cance we went over to the other side, toward the camp-fire."

"We'll hunt the hosses, so as to be ready, and while you're gittin' you'n together, I'll go and spring the traps—for this begins to look as though I must git out of this part of the world, and I don't want to leave any of the beaver to die in the traps."

It to k but a few minutes to arrange a plan of procedure, and the parties speciated. The rough but kind-hearted trapper of dichtally went from trap to trap, and spring each and every one, to make sure that there was no possibility of any of the innecent beavers dying a languishing death through his remise. So. Then be hunted up his horse, mounted, and role him to the place that had been arrange a plan of the Antelope.

No little continuous mocessary in moviner about at such a time as this, as the Blockfet on the other side of the stream were all rt, and there was good readen to believe that some of them were scouting and prowling about on this side of the river, preparing to make a sweep on the party of whites that would not be one of them living.

But the during soi the night had been turned to such good are intitled the whereabouts of our friends remained unsuspect I up to this time, but there could be no certainty as to how long it would continue.

The three were sorted upon the backs of their horses, that were raind upon her a cluster of trees, where the shadows will so dance that they could make sure of being invisible to any one a dozing that away. Mentrose and the Antelope had him to a their solver, that a signal had been arranged between their and upon that alone our hero depended for the guidance of their ally to their hiding-place.

But Bull r fit that his presentiment was about to be well in He sat on his horse, with his rifle grasped, and his facture I toward the south-east, where by the home from which he had betrayed forty years ago.

The trippings of a holy the run; but he filt no relation at least the the theorem is. He had no desire even to concerd this case on his case on when stating the name of the Second test all proper the name springing in the trappy as he had one of that it would be his fate to leave the m, when he should that it would be his fate to leave the m, when he should thank go under, "wiped on "by the hall of some very ful Blackboot, who had dogged his fatety's like the famishing prairie-wolf.

When so this folling? What meant that shiver that now and then so the immense frame of the trapper, as he other-

wise sat so motionless upon his horse? Why did he turn his eyes with such earnest longing upon the figure of Eugene Mentrose, as he could barely discern it in the darkness?

Such strange emotions swayed him to the very soul that he could scarcely refr in from crying out. Memory was basy with the techning Past—and so well did she do her duty, that her scenes were fearfully vivid, and caused him to think for the time that they were indeed real.

But the strata of many long years lay upon his beart, and this earthquake did not break but only loosened these imporvious strata, and they speedily settled back in place again.

The tempest was post, and the swaying oak righted itself, with its roots as firm and far-reaching as ever. Burt Bunker was himself again—hard, stern and immovable.

"If the Antelope only discovers Olive Mulford and her servant?"

"Then we'll jine in and strike a bee-line fur Beaver River Agency, fur I don't s'pose ye like this part the country well nough to settle down in it."

"I rather think not."

"That be ruther too many of the varmints to make it jist the place to put up a country-scat—leastways, till some a of the reds git wiped out."

Every now and then Mentrese gave utterance to his similar a peculiar whistle, such as more than one species of night-bird is frequently heard to make at night. As yet there had been no response; but sublenly there came a reply, so clear and distinct, that all knew their friend could be but a short distance away.

in great excitement.

"White woman, black woman, ober dere-close by-come quick!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when he had vanised upon his horse and was thun being away, with the rest plunging after him.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### THE HOUNDS UNLEASHED.

Ouve Mulrond and her servant were sorely in need of help. They had been deprived of their weapons, when captured by the Blackfeet, so they were destitute of that means of procuring food.

Suil they auticipated little trouble until they made the discovay that they had come altogether astray, and had not the material it as of the direction to take in order to reach their friends.

The consequence was that they found themselves in constant dat, reflicing recaptured by Indians, who kept appearing at the most unexpected times, and in the most unlooked-for places. Sometimes they seemed to spring up from the very ground, and came thundering toward them, with such fill total shirlds and yells, as almost to terrify them into submission.

But it was sport to the mustang, who shot away again and again. like the arrow from the bow, and whose wonderful sports in the other that he did passing well. The superior sport and enderance of their horses proved their superior and again; but they were almost worn out by the east act watchfoliass the simposed.

More than once were they fired at by the yelling demons, and the printly it so med as if they were saved by the direct interpolation of Providence. When their honger became great, they lived up at will be relisted were found growing here and there. As they is, i no means of obtaining any of the fich of will also, so also interest them, tills was the only size once possible.

Propose to the most decided affection to her young misters. Another her West and endmander which the African research to be small gathered in her. She appeared also ledly ineapolite of farigue, and compelled Olive to sleep, we a task left reasisted upon alternating with her.

" Bress per, little honey!" she would exclaim, as she drew

the beautiful head over in her lap, "I doesn't want to sleep; I coul ln't do it if I tried. Jis' shet yer eyes, say yer prayers, and I'il wake yer when the time comes."

"Don't forget, Polly; for you know we have no guns, and, under Heaven, we must depend upon our horses. If there comes the least danger, you must not fail to wake me."

"There, there! shet yer purty eyes; you're talking too much. I'll sit here and pray, and be sure to wake you when I ofter."

And then the hearty negress would sit through the long hours of the night, scarcely stirring, for fear of awaking her. As the solemn time went slowly by, the devout soul was almost constantly sending up petitions to the only Ear that could hear them—praying for her mistress, for her "baby boy" Pomp, for Colonel Multord, and lastly for herself, and for guidance to their distant home.

"Oh Lord, send us some good friends, dat will help us git out ob dis bad country. Hullo!"

Surely she heard the tramp of the horses' feet. Yes; the Indians are coming again. She arouses Olive, and both spring to their feet.

Too late; they are surrounded. Polly and Olive both sink upon their knees; they can do nothing but pray.

One of the horsemen dashes forward, and seems about to ride over them; but he springs to the ground.

"Olive! Olive! don't you know me—Eugene Montrose?"
The half-fainting girl looks up wildly at the dark figure, and
the next moment is clasped in his arms.

"And, oh golly gracious! dar's my blessed old mommy!" yelled Pomp, as he flung both arms and legs around the good old soul, and almost hugged the life out of her. "Ais't I, girl to see yer, 'cause I know I'll git sumfin' to cat, sme."

And he squeezed her harder than ever.

"What's de matter, you big fool?" demanded Pally, is, getting one hand loese from the visa-like grasp of the lage she gave him a sounding whack on the cars, followed by another.

"Bang away, mommy. I lub you more dan dinner," called out Pomp, hugging and almost smothering her with kisses.

Pelly did bang away with such lusty vigor that Pomp was compelled to duck his head and get out of her rach.

"Dat's lar!" he exclaimed, as soon as he reached a safe distance; "I know her by de slap. Dur ain't oder old woman in United States of Africa dat can whack like her. See kin that date at the my trowscaloons in five minutes, by de style ob her spankin'."

For a few moments Olive was speechless and helpless. The real at from despair to joyous hope was so great that so was to ally overcome. Mentiose supported her head, and his the pale, white free again and again, calling her by a mane in return.

While this was going on, the Antelope was moving around, of the all of frequency of the Blackfeet. The trapper sat motion is some his horse, saying nothing, but watching the toucher a same. Now and then his hand was drawn across his the table one who stood near might have seen semething spate his check in the faint starlight.

" Sarip me! but it's thunderin' qua'r," he muttered, shuff-

ing his tast as though trouble I with a severe celd.

In a few moments a ball came upon this tempest of feeling. Means and Olive talked together in low tenes, and it required to be a very few minutes for them to understand each other per ally. In that time, they be arred the principal history of each since their separation months before.

I then in that the Antelepe showed signs of unceshoes. He was allier back and forth on his house, and looking importably at these who were still standing upon the ground. Finally he spoke to Burt.

"Yas: we must git out of this infurnal country. C me, it is der yer unitable, for the vermints are powerful clas."

"Blat it: I think its time we had supper," called out I have, any naturally in a revenue state just then.

The their roses at the matte some rough reply, when

rode up beside him.

"Ohr with report Live Livelal nething but a few ber-

rist to attract and days; they must be starving."

"Salp m., but I more the glat of that!" exclaimed the trail of that!" exclaimed the trail of that!" exclaimed the trail of the line of the

'em swaller that, and it'll do till we git a good chance to halt."

"Why didn't you give me some ob dat afore?" demanded the wrathful Pomp; "you knowed I was sufferin' drefful."

"Woof! you've 'nough fat on yer to keep yer a menth. Ef we don't git a good chance to stop afore long, I'm goin' to shoot yer, and roast yer on the run, after we cat this yer lunch."

While speaking, Burt produced several slices of cold, well-cooked venison, which he handed to Mentrose, who hastened to divide it between Olive and Polly. The latter, as might be expected, gave the largest part of hers to Pomp, who devouted his with a huge appetite, and no computations of conscience, and looked wistfully for more. But Polly's affection did not prompt her to such self-denial, unless there was greater eccasion for it, and so Pomp was obliged to content himself with only a half-appeased appetite.

It so came about that the horses were comparatively fresh, and they galleped out from the wood at a good swinging gait, the Antelope, as usual, taking the lead, while the trapper came next. The direction was due south, the purpose being to get out of this rugged, broken country, so much haunted by the vengeful Blackfeet.

The night still remained clear and starlight, not a breath of wind blowing, while the atmosphere was sharp and frosty. Most of the party had relden so much during the last few days (especially the females) that they were naturally fired, but they were able to stand much more before giving out entirely.

Over hills, and wooded ridges, through groves of timber, across streams and valleys, and level stretches of prairie, they continued how raffer hour, the keen faculties of the Antelepe leading him forward with the certainty of a bleed-hound upon the trail. Never once did he pause in doubt or hesitation. He knew the route too well to deviate in the least, except when temperarily compelled to do so, by the natural obstacles that threw themselves across the track.

But there were two unto when this leng night-rife was nomorable on account of its hoppiness. They had been seen and do not and strange advertures had befalen Olive Melhout; but the all-merciful Providence who makes all our cotions, had overruled every thing for their welfare, and here

they were together with every prospect of remaining so, and of reaching safety.

They rode as closely side by side as was possible, and they seemed never weary of talking. Mentrose felt that he could thus ride on ferever by the side of the fiery little mustang, when he carried his fescinating mistress.

In another way, Pomp was scarcely less pleased with the so ity, except now and then, when, by way of a reminder, Polly re-cleab over and gave a resounding box upon his class. Sile was a good, well-intentioned soul, and now and then she gave utterance to her gratitude, in the fervent way peculiar to her race, her not unmusical voice ringing out with strange power upon the still night-air.

"De Lor' he was unto me true,
He brought me all my trouble frough,
And when it comes my time to die,
He'll take me to his home on high;
Noah's ark move it, move it, move it.
Children move it."

The last two lines were repeated as a refrain to each verse, and lot as a milky Poup j ined in with her, although she candil to blue to "she tup," and so he could sing more in tune.

All residency the rice continued, and when it was fairly light the Angel pelled halod, a betting for his camping place the top of a high swell in the prairie, with a few study trees growing, without are a or water, and with searcely any advantage except the one single one which decided the Blackfoot to select it.

It is vited position enabled him and his party to commund the approach from every direction and consequently it would be largered to for any of the Indians to steel upon them anawares.

As the left was introduct to bet but a short time, this was the the tribute har because in the least Burta Burta Burta and in the late the least burta and the least b

"Note: related the construction of projection on our last by and the projection of the last by a constitution of the projection of the pro

At the little at range also, and quite a growth of cotton-

wood, the bark of which is in good repute as a means of todder for the animals in crossing the plains.

All the horses were tethered at the base of the Lill, and there the fire was kindled, so that, after all, the camp proper was there.

But while the preparations were going on, the Anteloge is mained on the hill-top, scanning the prairie in every direction, on the alert for his kindred, who, he believed, would soon be on the trail of the flying party.

Just before halting he had left his friends for a few minutes, and when he returned he bore the choicest steaks of a plump buffalo across the horse, and Polly was now busy in preparing their breakfast from this.

When it was all ready, he was summoned to come down and join them at the meal; but he waited until they had finished, and then making sure that no fee was in sight, he call d to Pomp to come and take his place, while he are his breakfast.

The negro promptly came to his side and promised to keep a good watch until his return, to do which he scated himself flat upon the green l, and stated hard in every direction.

When his meal was fini hel, the Antelope started up the hill again. The country was still so broken and interspected by ridges and stretches of timber, that at several points his view was so shortened, that he had good reason to fear, while so stupid a sentinel as Pomp was on duty, if even for a few minutes only.

As he neared the top of the hill, he saw Pomp lying that upon his side and motionless. The heart of the Blackfort gave a thrill, as he suspected that the work of his kindred was manifest in the dead form of the African stretched out before him. It looked as if some stealthy red-skin had crawled up to Pomp and struck him from behind.

The Antelope looked stealthily about him. He had heard the treacherous shot from the ambush before, and he knew that if any of his own tribe or clau eaught him in questionable company, they would spare him no quicker than they would spare them. It was his wish and purpose to concerd his identity from the Blackfeet, whenever he was expected to their senatiny, and to accomplish that end he had made several

imp r'ant changes in his dress and appearance, and especially in the manner in which he placed the point upon his face.

He widked very slowly up the hill, looking fartively about lin, for he had no desire to run into any masked battery. Once or twice he was on the point of retreating to and alarming his friends—on their account more than his own—but he had on up the hill until he reached the top.

Not a muscle of the negro stirred, but as the Indian gazed along the at him, he could detect a slight rising and falling of the clast, as though he was a sail breathing.

"Not dead, but nearly so," thought the Antelope, as he crept nearer.

Sill liver ing, like the crouching peather, he finally reached at his hand so that he could soize his shoulder and draw him or r. As he did so he discovered that Pomp was not dead—but asleep!

"But k white man no good?" exclaimed the disputed Birth, while give the negro an imputiont kick.

But the next instead he discovered that real dancer threatcael him and the little band under his care; for on the creat of the near thill he detected several small objects moving swiftly alongs on times sinking out of sight and then coming to view at a me other point further away

Threxprish they end the Anteloge told him at once that the water the tand documents of so many Blackfut, who were till grader on the other side of the creat a short distance from the tip. They undashedly belonged to the party of party of the errors who had been a where the fogitives were.

The Art is point once descended his side of the hill, until ordered are in the point seen by his kindred, when he ordered Point to return to his in ther, and beckened to Burt Bunker to approach.

It is priced but a moment for the trapper to get an accurate idea of the situation of affairs.

The they're thus, and they're you ler too," he replied, as less him to a hill, nearly in an opposite direction from the ties, and there, these two vebran hunters saw unmission that the "signs" of their carmins in that place.

In the same that the transfer is in the transfer to the

during the season, "if I ain't powerful mistook, we're surrounded, and we'll never git out of this muss without the hottest kind of a fight."

"Dat's so," assented the Antelope, with considerable un-

easiness in his manner.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### AT BAY.

Hap there been no females in the party, the furitives would have had no he-itation as to the course for them to follow.

Although literally surrounded by the Black of, they would have made a dash through them, even the last the risk of losing one or two lives, and of loing dash in the last the shooting of their horses.

But the presence of Olive and her savour procladed all thought of such a counce, and it only ien and her them to fortify themselves, and take all preclutions is dust an assault until they could reconnoiter and obtain a correct idea of the strength and intentions of their carrales.

While, therefore, the Antel pears is to ind his watch, the others came to the top of the Lil, and the menderan a ling the large stones in a sort of circle, but ind which the weaten were placed, with warnings and stone singular medical to the Indians' bullets, which doubtless would be a chaffing the their heads.

Under strong and willing runs, it was but a short time 1 for the fertifications were complete. All that remained on the
color buffalo was brown to within the "fert," to other wit,
such water as they were. The to hold in their versus, they were in a condition to stand a sie, set a weal days' deration, beyond which no one suspected it could presidy be to

The horses were allowed to remain tethered at the letters of the hill, where they were considered as side from the Bill. It is it was possible for them to be. They could only be stangeded by their foes expening themselves to the liths of

these on the hill, who would be noways chary about protecting such valuable property from such treacherous foes.

The force trapper was that instead of stampeding, they would attempt to shoot their herses; but to do this, they could expering themselves to the same danger from the fugitives.

While all these preparations are making, the Blackfeet and ly showed themselves. One was and then could a limb of their technots be can be as they circled back and in hearth opposite side of the hearth of the societant that they had a healthy for of the rides of the billionnen.

Every thing being ready, it only the due I for our friends to which and wait. Pomp had scarcely maished his share of the wait, when he was sound ashop, with his head in the lap of his matter, who, poor soul, gave way to the sound slumter of which she had been deprived for so long a time.

Once Mail's law is thoughtful and anxious. The knowledge of what E is a Mentre of lead this allowing undergone for her sile, so it it is attachment sile had long telt toward him, into the population of the pure love, such as would have make the place to die for him; and, as it is true that the cipat which we have sought to benefit and protect becomes, the appearance and to us, so our her of the the same self-solid by by all notice of the beautiful and peculess girl, who make in the capture, was dependent upon his courage and solid a language of camity that seemingly would not be denied.

Why so salf? he which, when, their active work ce. i, he thank a sin to sit down for a word or two with her,

S. sail landra's a manifest effort to cast off her gloom, but failed.

"I had he is the in the large a present iment that one of us the replied, vainly striving to keep back her tears.

II .. . it is and, or he was really in the last of spirits.

"Yet have been an intersuch excitement, that this is but the rest of the land the period of the rest. Den't show yourself to give way to such fancies."

"I have deale my best to expresse them, but I can not"

"You are wearied out, as any man would be," said he, for ity kissing her forehead. "Wrap this blanket about you and secure some sleep while the opportunity is given you."

She protested that she had no desire, but consented, to plea e him, and he was wiser than she; for in a few minutes he saw that she had sunk into a quiet, refreshing slamber.

"Poor, persecuted one," he mused, as he looked affectionately upon the pale, sweet face. "You have suffered a great deal, but you are near your rest."

As he attered this, a chill went through his heart, as he recalled the foreboding words he had attered, so different from the meaning he intended to express.

"It can not be," he thought, with a heavy sadness upon his heart "that he is any thing to come from such glo my thoughts. It is but natural that her spirits should be depressed, after such an experience as she has endured."

He moved away, but, as he did so, he was conscious that the same dark shadow was thrown across his path; the same chilling atmosphere that had enwrapped her had drepped about him,—and it seemed a Shadow whese name was Death.

Several hours passed, without any thing additional being seen of the Blackfeet. Indeed, they scarcely showed themselves at all.

"What do you suppose they are waiting for?" a hel Mentrese of the trapper, who was scated on one of the large stones, quite morely and sullen.

" Night," was the reply.

"Ah! I see it will be more favorable to them. Do you think that we shall be I it undisturbed until then?"

"Can't say," replied Burt, who experienced a strange note ing influence, when face to face with the young man. "Strap me, but it's hard to understand all the ways and devilner's of the varmiats. Two had business dealin's with these Blackfor, of end on, for the last things pand than be some things about 'em that I den't yet understand by no means."

" Have you any i lea of their number, Burt?"

"I guess it's something like a dozon, but it mought be the 's dor ble that, 'cause I guess only from what I've see'd with my own eyes."

" How are we going to find out?"

"The Antel posthar will soon learn. He's waitin' fur a character to crawl out—but I don't b'lieve he'll git it afore dark."

At this juncture, Pomp awoke, and rising to his feet, i.g.n to your and stretch himself, all unmindful of the dury rind in geo. Mentrose was about to remind him of his paid, when creat went a rifle, and the bullet missed his eyes by scarce a hair's breadth.

" (Filly I somelio ly's careless will dar blasted guns!" ex-

chian i the darky, as he quickly dropped out of sight.

Some by half the sound of the Indian's rifle died away, when that of the trapper was discharged. He had seen the small wreath of thin blue smoke curling upward from the aljocat hill, and had caught a glimpse of the bronzed head of the telekin at the same moment. With lightning-like quicks, his rith was at his shoulder, aimed and fired.

The aim was uncring, and the bullet crashed through the Lan of the Blackwot, who gave uttrance to his car-splitting such that we up his arms, and fell over dead on the instant.

During all this time, the facilities,—with the exception real —execulty screen I their bodies from observation. The last the sould command every particle for the Indians to attack them, and it was possible for the Indians to attack them, as I if was cut of the question for any of them to attempt any sould be a thicked on the scruting of Burt Bunker and the Antelope.

Meet that once, Eugene Mentrese, suddenly turning his L. I. F. ... I the eyes of the trapper fixed upon him with a ceri is Lieusety that exised him to wonder and feel some unceries, for his L. I no seepicion of what it meant.

Although the part list of this, he was sensible of a single continuous list own part. When he looked at the sould him that there was some list a list which here a familiar appearance—faint, but him he is not, although it was so intangible that he could not seize and hold it.

"I have some it before," Degene had said to himsalf a zer than; "but when, where, under what circumstances?"

A in the again he asked himself the question, but was

unable to answer, and finally came to the conclusion that it must have been in the mystical region of dreamland, although even this explanation only partially satisfied him.

As the afternoon waned away, these within the fortifications

partook sparingly of the food.

"Don't see de use ob lebing any ob it," growled Pomp, when informed that he had all of his stipend. "Ef I don't eat no more, I'll be hungry now and hungry to-morrer, and dat's de way it will be wid all ob yer."

But this original reasoning convinced no one but himself, and secured no more food for him on that day.

It was hardly dark, when the Antelope managed to steak over the ridge unobserved by the enemy. No one but he could have accomplished such a feat, but he did it so well that he returned at the end of half an hour, having succeeded in making a complete reconnoissance.

He brought back unpleasant tidings. Instead of a doz nor twice as many, there were full fixty Blackfoot In lines our rounding the little band of fugitives. All were well-mounted, as a matter of course, and well-armed, and the situation of our friends was critical in the extreme.

The question now was whether these Blackfeet intended to make an assault during the night, or simply to wait until the defenders should be starved into submission.

It looked as if the merciless red-skins had their choice of citier method, and that either would be equally effective.

"That ain't nothin' too bad that yer kin say about the varmints," remarked the trapper, as he sat apart, conversing in a low tone with Mentrose, "but, skulp me of that ain't one thing yer can't call 'em and tell the truth."

" What's that?"

" Cowards."

"It the Antelope is a specimen they are as brave as men can be," sail our hero, in the same low, cautious voice, taking care that Olive, who was wide awake now, should not overbear them.

"He ain't no braver than the rest of 'em. I've say I knives with lots of 'em, and old Betsey Jane has barked at as unary more, and I never yet met the one that war a conard."

"Then it looks as if they would attack us."

"I) rand," returned the trapper, thoughtfully. "I think it rather looks the other way, and I see the reason."

" What is it ?"

"Them wilmin's are arter the gal thar, and they want her alive and well and not dead."

"G.! fail!!!" exclaimed Mentrose, glancing toward Olive, who could be son a short distance away conversing earnesdy with Polly Brown, and all unsuspicious of the words that had just then the red. "That must never be, Burt. Promise me that you will holp my to defind her."

The trapper termed his grizzled face wonderingly upon the

CACE I be the man, as if he did not understand him.

"What do yer mean?"

"Firgire n.e. but you do not know how I feel, Burt, in this matter. I call never live it she should fall into their hands again."

"Size I'd to all all But Burker, in a voice

that was low, but tenible in its comestness.

Must so which for him to say more by way of explanation, but he all not, and he could only summise the truth, and in charges he only partially guessed it; for the trapper not only in cut he would studd by her so do r as any hope remaind, but he mount still further, that if the moment did community fair girl could not long robe hopt out of their house, then would be turn and deliberately shout her through the house Should be intrested being they chose to wait unthe sidd her expectate and only be are they chose to wait unthe house hander was thankful that she had been saved thus fur, but he like reserved that the fifty howling wretches should have by hands up in her again, all we so long as he retained they were paint his ride and pull the tripper.

But there was not a solty for Montree knowing this, and

"It give the contains the late of here, after a member 1. st. "I'ms ming to be expose I know you are true, but me and the first point for the moment."

" is all the the man. But, and then be seemed to re-

several questions put to him by his young companion. The latter was about to move away to speak to Olive, when the trapper looked up with a curious suddenness.

" See hyar, will yer answer me two or three questions?"

"Any thing at all that I can answer I will do so."

Twice the hunter made as if to speak, but the cked himself each time, while Mentro-e awaited his works.

- "I am waiting," he said, speaking gently, in the hope of encouraging him, but still he hesitated.
  - " No; wait till some other time."
- "Why not now?" asked our hero, whose curiosity was not a little aroused.
- "Ef both of us live to git out o' this muss, I'll tell yer the first good chance I git."
  - "But suppose one of us should get killed?"
- "Then it can't make no diff rence. No; let it go far the present, far it's taking too much of our time now. We must look sharp, and not let a chance slip by, far I kin tell yer, younker, we're in just as bad a fix as we kin be. Whar's the Anteiope?" he asked, looking around.
- "He is gone," replied Olive, who had overheard the question.
  - " Whar ?"
- "I don't know. I saw him crawl under that stone, or rather between the two, and that was the last of him."
  - "How long ago?"
  - "About half an hour."
- "Qa'ar," mattered the trapper, who did not seem pleased with the information.
- "Undoubte lly he is off on another reconnoisanet," venture l'Mentrose, but Bart shook his head.
  - " Not that; it looks bad !"
- "What do you mean? Do you suspect him?" demanded his alarmed and amazed companion.
- "I don't say, but remember this," replied the trapper, in his most impressive menner, "that red skin has done us a good turn, and we all thank him; but he lives among his people, his squaw and pappooses are than. He knows it won't do fur him to be catched in this muss."
  - "But his people know he is friendly to the whites."

"I know all that, and they don't care as long as he don't do too much of it, or cross that path too often. It wouldn't be healthy for him to be cotched inside of this ring, when the last tag comes, nor healthy far his family either."

"Then you suspect that he has betrayed us?"

No; he wouldn't do that; but he's found out thar's no hope for us, so he's just crawled out and left to save himself and family, and I don't know as I blame him for it, arter all."

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### FATHER AND SON.

Toward militight the new mean came up, and this, added to the bright starlight and cherr atmosphere, made objects visible for a classificable distance. The horses, tethered and now quiltly lying down upon the ground, were plainly visible from the fort on top of the hill.

But Bunker's apprehension was that an attempt would be made to stampule or capture the animals, as it would look like quite an day made remain halian to stead forward and cut the lands, after which a slight effect would suffice to drive them beyond the reach of their owners.

Twice the traper had describ the shalowy form of a Blackfort shouly and stealthily crowling over the ground toward the horse, and twice had he brought Betsey Jane to a level, and drive and belief through the audit long red-skins.

This, writed with his other shet, had served as a whole-ser, and of the vigilinee of the figitives, and of the risk in arred by any approach, however cautious, to their defenses.

Mentr so had so at an hour or two in converse with Olive, who is had so a win the hop of Polly—and both were as p, Polly hims if wrapped up and unconscious upon the grand—s, that he two white men were the only ones who were awake and on guard.

The about the Antel pacented our hero not a little

uneasiness. He could admit that he was justified in withdrawing as he did, but there was no denying that his course bore a cowardly and unpleasant look.

Burt adhered to his opinion as expressed in the last chapter, and would not admit any other explanation, and Mentrose was compelled to confess its probability.

"It may be right—it may be right," he murmured to him-self, "but I disha't expect it of the Antelope."

The trapper was moody and uncommunicative again. He resisted all efforts to open communication, and occupied himself solely in keeping guard over those who, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, were placed under his protection.

Again and again did the young man attempt to unravel that mysterious feeling that came over him when he gazed upon this hunter—to unravel that web whose woof seemed constantly dangling within his eager grasp, and yet always cluded it.

"Skulp me l"

What was it that caused this suiden exclamation upon the part of the trapper, and his springing to his feet? His companion heard and saw nothing unusual.

"What is it?" asked the latter.

"Thar's somethin' the matter over thar! Hark!"

A trend of many horses, as if rushing to and fro, was heard. It came from the other side of the hill, where all the Blackfeet evidently had gathered.

"They are going to attack us."

" Hark ag'in!"

Crack, crack, bing, bang, went gun after gun, and war-shouts were mingle i with the increasing fray. There was a fight going on—a fight between the Blackfeet and an attacking party of white men.

The next instant Engene Mentrose threw his hat high in air, deneed hither and thither, and shouted in a voice that awoke all about him:

"Saved I saved I saved !"

"Yer right, and it's the work of the Antelope," respended the trapper, as his free was overspread by a here grin.

"Where now are all your gloomy presentiments?" demanded our hero, as he caught our heroine in his arms, and threatened to press the life out of her, covering her with kisses and dancing with joy.

"Bit who are our rescuers?" she asked, still hesitating to

accept the joyful truth.

"Colonel Mulford and his men!" shouted Burt Bunker, is he caught sight of an officer, followed by a dozen men, to intering down the hillside. Straight onward dashed the later, and leaping from his horse, sprung among the fugitives.

"My daughter! my daughter! Olive, where are you?"

"Here, dear father!" was the reply, as she threw herself in his arms.

The confusion soon quieted down and then the tale was told. When Colonel Mulford starte leastward, in obedience to his dispatches from Washington, he was met on the border by count relispatches, directing him to return, and he forthwith started with his small escort. He had gone but a short distance, when he encountered a party of hunters, direct from the Briver River Agency, who informed him of the abduction of his daughter by the Blackfeet, and volunteered to accoming the him on an expedition for her rescue.

There was little time lost by these prairie coursers as they so I over the plains toward the Blackfoot country. The expense i leanters of the party detected the presence of the Lulius I are the latter saw them, but they could hardly

have a suspicion of the truth.

They halted, and as several of the number were preparing to a seconnoissince, the Antelope appeared and a titem, and specifily made known the true state of afflairs.

For the safety of the friendly Blackfoot, whose position was and retood by Colonel Molford, it was arranged that he said more forward with them, but somewhat in advance, and applicing his prople of their coming, win for hims of the result was, and, at the same time, really beniend the fugitives.

The automorphism of the second depth of the horse of the borse of the second of the Bl. kbci to the winds, and the A. Tope, and the aith them the hearing the parameters of the North-west.

The pary remained where they were until daysignt, when

the homeward march was resumed, and two days later they safely reached the fort at the Beaver River Agency. Here the trappers and hunters took their departure, but not until each had received a handsome present from Colonel Mulford, who felt he could never repay them for the service they had done him, in the recapture of his beloved daughter nom the power of the Blackfeet.

On the day succeeding the arrival of our friends at the Berver River Agency, two horsemen rode out from it, side by side. They continued at an easy gallop until they had passal over a large swell that shut them out from the view of any who might be carious, and there they reined up, and dismounting from their horses, stood face to face.

They were Burt Bunker, the trapper, and Eugene Mentiose.

"I've brought yer hyar," began the trapper, "'cause I don't want no one else to hear what we've got to say. Be yer now ready to answer the questions that I want to ax yer?"

"More than ready."

"Is yer real name Engene Mint Rose?"

The young man started.

"What reason have you for asking that?"

"Yer promised to answer me."

"No; it is not."

"What mought it be?"

Eugene hesitated; he certainly had no anticipation of any such questioning as this, when he gave his promise; but the trapper said nothing and did nothing but calmly to await the expected reply.

"My name is Eugene Wentworth."

"What!" exclaimed the trapper, in great amazement, and with no little excitement.

"Yes; that is my real name. When I was baptized, my friend had the name Eugene Mentrose Wentworth given me."

"Why have yer called yerself, then, by t'other handle?"

"Mentrose was his name, and it was given out of compliment to him. He was the brother of my mother, who cied before I can remember."

"Yea; and what else?" said Burt, vainly seeking to repress

"He was a metch at in Cincinnati, and made me his junior partner when I became old enough. He requested me to wear his name, while I should find my real father; but, as there is little project of that, it looks as though I am to be known as Mentrose for a long time."

"Dille ever tell yer any thing bout yer dad?"

Transcript in a lowerel his head as if in meditation.

"I can not read hany this got any account; but, somehow or other, I gother I the like that he was dead."

"Wal, he isn't."

"How do you know?"

"Cause he stands afore yer !"

It is not elected that a man is rocked and swayed by such a very early cle of emotion as was the trapper. Hitherto he had set in any, the master of himself, but now the emotion as a latin. He was shaking like a leaf in the temporary while his chocks of heard were bedewed with tears, so is in his thought he that for years. Indeed, it looked from were weakness.

And his court do was equally agreed, although in a difference way. How a station and straining his eyes, as if he failed to emperiously the words that had been attered; but now the marked of that dlm, familiar look in the face of the trapper was explaind. Surely he had seen him before, many long, in a years ago, when, but an infant, he had been dandled upon that kneed

" FATHER !"

His neck, their tears flowed together.

It was a larg time before it was all understood, but in time father and son gained the whole truth.

If who has the nel in the epoces as Burt Bunker was ren'll Burts Wentworth. When very young, he had formed a test for ioniting, and a both I the perdoes life of a trapper It is let it well a number of yours, until he came across a lead girl. Iving on the border, with where he fell deeply in the across he had girl who level him as deeply and traly in return.

I'm y were married, and for a year or two were as happy

as two mortals could be. Burt concluded to give over his wan lering life, and settled down as a staid husband; but affliction came. Providence removed his wife, leaving him with but the infant boy, Eugene.

For a time he was like a man out of his mind, and then he suddenly disappeared with his child. No one knew where they were gone, and after a time he was forgotten except by a few of his intimate friends, who were never able to learn any thing regarding him.

But the stricken father had gone at his old business of trapping again, and, strange as it may seem, had taken his little child with him. No mother could have cared for it may tenderly than did he, and like the boy of the wild Indian, it grew and strengthened in the health-giving air of the morartains.

But the land of affliction was upon the trapper, and one night, as he was encomped in the very grove where, your after, as we have related, he sat talking to the grown-up man, a party of Blackfeet rushed into the grove, fired upon him, and dashed away with the child.

When the trapper recovered his senses, it was morning, on he was wormhol night unto death, and there were no signs of his drafing boy. He had no with to get well, but his harly constitution brought him through, and in a few days he was almost as well as ever.

Then he took his horse, with the determination to follow his enemies to the death, but he soon lost the trail, and was thus deprived of that consolation.

Dating from this time, the nature of the man's email to undergo a chance. He became reticent and mody; he gave himself another name, that no crashould recentize him as the once happy Burtis Wentworth, and spout his time in sacitable. Only who necessary he had disposed of his politic, he was back again to the mountains.

Daring the warm season, when there was little or no to peping to be desce, in eccasion dly appeared among the first ter settlements where he was unknown, and where he made tertain that no one should know him.

In this manner some taenty oil years of his life pass 1.

He never once entertained the thought that his boy was alive. It same I incredible to him that a party of Indians would spare the life of a small child, when there was no parent with it to give it attention, and he would have died in the implicit teller that his child had long preceded him, but for the circumstances which have been narrated at length in the preceding pages.

The Land of Providence was visible throughout. The Blackfet who attacked the trapper, and ran away with his child, were themselves attacked, three or four hours afterward, by a party of land is returning to the States, who took the boy from them, carried it to St. Louis, where it fell into the land is of its own uncle, who made every effort to find its father, but failing to do so, took the boy to Cincinnati with him, ohe and the land and eventually made him his partner in business.

A handsome, kind-harted, chivalness, fall-grown man. This came to the scarred and weather-besten father the live by that had been some alessly term from his arms years born and not the will solitales of the great North-west.

If your and Olive were united as man and wife, shortly after, and study him the heaviiful Q can City of the West, and the old hunter gave over his wanderings and made his home with them. There he lived until he had many bright granded librar field ding around him, and then he quietly passed toway, to join his loved wife who had preceded him by so have years, and puthody to await the coming of the other laved errors, when He, in his own good time, should say, "It is enough; come up higher."



## HAND, NOT HEART;

OR,

# THE BRIDE OF HONOR.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### GLOOM ON THE HEART.

On! Fanny, I had rather die than go into this company!" exclined the fair young creature, suddenly sweeping her head of luxuniant, and a curis away from the manipulating care of the tendertransition is swing-maid, and barying her face in her warm, throbbing hads.

A - burst from her pont-up besom, and a wild shudder passed over her frame.

"Not may, Miss Agnes, do not give way so! It will be worse for the it is then you see—it will soon be over—all this fuss and show. Well, well, if truth be told, I can't tell what has come

over your uncle, and-"

should be come over him, Fanny? Why, walth! Wealth that should not be long to him—wealth, work I hard for, by my poor, deal, received father! Nay, may, Fanny? and she shook her head sally, yet employimally—"I know it! for I fed it—and who did it! Ay, ithery, we alth has come, and come gloriously, over St. Clair Arlington—wealth that should be mine!"

The mail soil a thing for a moment, but leaning against the Lar divide in m, a zel fixelly at her young mistress, as if lost in a zel, at larger face, surrounded

by list the troits heir.

At the fallest meaning of the fallest falles of age—perhaps younger—in the fallest meaning years to the fallest fallest fallest deep and sharp—cut by the keen—in fallest fallest meaning have added seeming years to the fallest fallest fallest fallest meaning of the fallest meaning me

Let the the tent to the second of the inviting, flexible for grief or the second of th

And the part of the large blue eyes, even as she in the horizon blue eyes, even as she in the horizon hansion—this, the horizon full training a first seemed almost the contract of the horizon has a second almost the contract of the horizon has a second almost the contract of the horizon has a second almost the contract of the horizon has a second almost the horizon.

in the same the cathod, the hand lit the wax ta-

head away, but nestled it softly back against the warm becom of her only friend, the sewing-maid.

And Family I and over, as she caressed the curls, which she was

putting in array, and said:

"It is a strange midr, Miss Agnes, and there are more than you who think that your poor old father ought to have outlived his graine, and given you what, despite all the law, it seems to me is

yours! But now-"

"There is too north har, Fanny, and wordrous little sustrict!" said the g.m, bitterly, into mapting her; "and why that gradge? Because, gilly, young and sensewhat willful, as I was, at the time, I and 20 to the ball in the ville with Clavis Warne! Clavis-per, der Clavis! and he only a visitor here-my father's guest-my lever! Oh! I love him still, though four long years have passed since then, and not one word from him, and father dead-marchied !- and take e St. Clair Lere as owner of this large estate, and I here, under the law, as his ward! Oh, Ged! why am I spared for such a life? Why do Inot die ?"

The clast words were spiken in a low, walling tore.

Fanny said nothing for a moment—will not speak a word of sympathy, for she knew her young mistress well, and cered not to torment and harassher by giving consolation, when that consolation would be of no avail.

But looking up in on instant, she said, quickly;

"Was it not rather, Miss Agas, that year bailed to go to the ball with that man, Delaney Howe, that your father, for a would do

be hen e, as he termed it, dishill enited you?

A wild storm swept through Ages Addington's long and af rful scowl wrinkled her and I face, as the both ementioned by Forey fell hipe in her cars. The large blue eyes or in I to chain her or as they flashed viciously are und. The girl had a few in a few at, but, recovering herself, sank back at .....

It was a terrible struggle tout was a figure in her beast; but, by degrees, it passed away, and Agne A. ... given and, in a law, in

tone:

"Mention not / is name, Famy! That are I my dork shadow my cylingel; at Illathe-Is omblind! And y the sary in his friend! And that week-ob, (roll- at the shit, and hanty,

I am not of age, and I for each help hill

"Year dem Leipit, Miss Arres, ... I year should!" said the durestie, in a low tone. "I would appeal to the law, or I would fire and, ander the cover of size and mind, or in your car, Agues-I weall drive a kind that the marry How is best !"

The torng girl stated, and, turning to und, goved in the fact of

her maid.

The mas are wereing there; all was steraled, caractions and

Lonesty.

For a moment, a willlight burned in Agnes Arhigton's eyes, and the hard expression around her meath became more in a like. S. gripped her small hands until the nail dug vicious y into the purpose palm.

But, slowly the perception part ! and; the Land in head !; the structual edition experience file in the effect the at \_ is Latitude to while of fire the late of the fire of the fire in the late of the

Over the chern.

again! Do not tempt me! I can not do as you say; for then there would be no hope of Clavis, and I live for him yet—live on the memory of the sweet past! And, Fanny, there would then be another shadow—another haunting shade across my path! Oh, no! no!" and

she turned shudderingly away from the open window.

That window, in the second story of the large, shambling old mansion, of Revolutionary date, looked out far over a wide-stretching plain—a lonely cemetery in one end, here and there spectral poplars swaying in the wind, moaning, ever, lonely lullabys—crooning sad ditties on the silent air! But now, the night had settled down; clouds, low and heavy, hurtled menacingly in the hot, close air; a moaning wind crept around the old mansion and over the plain. Gloom was upon every thing.

The maid noticed the gesture of the mistress, and shivering herself, as a dark memory came over her—shivering despite the sweltering July heat, stepped to the window to lower the sash, as if to shut

out some horrid sight.

But, Agnes turned suddenly, and placed her hand on the arm of the maid.

"Stop, stop, Fanny! The Shadow can not harm you! Nor can

you see it in the-"

"But, Miss Agnes, to-night is the fourteenth of the month—and the moon shines under the clouds! Oh, God! if it shines through, the Shadow will be there?" and the servant turned shrinkingly from the window.

"Ay! you are right, Fanny, and in my trouble I had forgotten!" said Agnes, in a low voice. "It is the night of the month—the fated night—the bloody fourteenth! when my father disappeared—when he was murdered! as I know, and when old Noon disappeared, too! I had forgotten! And this is the birth-night of St. Clair Arlington, my uncle; this night he is to celebrate, despite wind or weather! This night I am to be mistress! This night I am to be persecuted by that monster, Delaney Howe! Well, well, Fanny; God be our friend; it can not be helped! Go on, for it is getting late, and nine o'clock is the hour."

Without a word, the domestic proceeded with her work. The golden curls were, one by one, neatly arranged and looped up; a flashing jewel was placed here, another there; then an elegant robe of black satin was arranged on her form; a string of pearls was thrown around her neck, and, as the great hall-clock down-stairs struck eight, Agnes Arlington, the dazzling, disinherited beauty and belle of Labberton, turned from the dainty fingers of her maid, and

viewed her resplendent form and glowing face in the mirror.

She half-started at the image of her glowing self, and, for an instant, a proud smile spread over her features; but, in the twinkling of an eye, that smile had fled away, and the girl murmured:

"Oh, Clavis! Clavis! where are you to-night?"

Then a frown wrinkled her face.

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and a note was handed in. The maid took it, and placed it in the hands of her mistress.

Agnes Arlington opened the sheet and glanced through it. A pallor and an expression of pain came to her face, as she read the few lines. But, she perused them calmly through to the end.

The note was brief, reading thus:

"Come down into the library, when you are dressed, and do not take all night to this work. I want to see you, on business-to give you certain instructions, which it will be well for you to heed. Don't keep me wait-ST. CLAIR ARLINGTON." ing-remember that.

The note fell from her nerveless fingers and fluttered down on the floor.

Agnes Arlington heaved a deep sigh, and murmured:

"I must go! Oh, God! that such a man is my uncle! Leave the light burning, Fenny, and go down and see that the servants are duly attired, and ready for this birth-night festival!"

She turned away. As she did so, a vivid flash of lightning gleamed over the wide-stretching, ghostly plain, and a hollow thunder-note

pealed ominously in the hot air.

Agnes Arlington glanced instinctively out over the dreary wasteland, and then, with a shudder, she wheeled abruptly, and left the

apartment.

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